



E. Bird del.

Talley sculp.

*A Linnet's nest with anxious care,
Young Strephon one day found me.*



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A NEW EDITION.

THE
SONGSTER'S MISCELLANY;
OR,
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THE TOAST-MASTER:

A GENTEEL COLLECTION OF
SENTIMENTS AND TOASTS,

DESIGNED FOR
THE ADMIRER OF VIRTUE AND THE PATRIOT.

Kidderminster,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY G. GOWER.

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T H E
SONGSTER'S MISCELLANY.

A LINNET'S NEST.

A Linnet's nest, with anxious care,
 Young Strephon one day found me,
 When instantly the plunder'd pair,
 With cries came flutt'ring round me;
 And is it thus, cries I, unkind,
 You'd raise compassion in me?
 Hence, cruel, hence—unless you find
 Some better way to win me.

Alas! if to give pain, cry'd he,
 My love for you as wrought me,
 I practise but that cruelty,
 You have so often taught me.
 If thus the linnet, and his mate,
 Can raise compassion in you;
 No more unkindness intimate,
 But let your Strephon join you.

This said, like lightning, back he flew,
 The mossy nest restoring;
 The linnets kept their young in view,
 No more their loss deploring;

B

Mean:

Mean-while this act, so sweet, so kind,
 Had' rais'd affections in me ;
 And Strephon was well pleas'd to find
 This certain way to win me.

THE FADED BOUQUET.

AH! rose forgive the hand severe,
 That snatch'd thee from thy scented bed,
 Where bow'd with many a pearly tear,
 Thy widow'd partner droops its head ;
 And thou sweet violet modest flow'r,
 O take my sad relenting sigh,
 Nor stain the breast whose glowing pow'r
 With too much fondness bid thee die.

Sweet lilly, had I never gaz'd
 With rapture on your gentle form,
 You might have dy'd, unknown, unprais'd—
 The victim of some ruthless storm.
 Where fickle Love his altar rears,
 Your little bells had learnt to wave,
 Or sadly gem'd with kindred tears,
 Had deck'd some hapless maiden's grave.

Inconstant woodbine, wherefore rove,
 With gadding stem about my bow'r,
 Why, with my darkling myrtle wove,
 In bold defiance mock my pow'r :
 Why quit thy native garden fair,
 To flaunt thy buds, thy odours fling,
 And idly greet the passing air,
 On ev'ry wanton zephyr's wing ?

Yet

et, yet repine not, tho' stern Fate
 Hath nip'd thy leaves of varying hue,
 Since all that's lovely, soon or late,
 Shall sick'ning fade; and die like you.
 The fire of youth; the frost of age,
 Nor Wisdom's voice, nor Beauty's bloom,
 Can h' insatiate tyrant can assuage,
 Or stop the hand that seal'd your doom.

THIS WORLD IS SURE A PACK OF CARDS.

THIS world is sure a pack of cards,
 Such shuffling and such dealing,
 Now Fortune frowns, and now rewards,
 We're winning, or we're failing:
 Many knaves are in the pack,
 That 'spite of clubs they beat us;
 And as odd tricks they never lack,
 'Tis evident they cheat us.

Then as the maxim is, it seems,
 To play our cards quite knowing—
 Let us, my boys, pursue these schemes,
 It is the game that's going.

Strephon with fair Chloe plays,
 He has designs upon her,
 And well I know, 'fore many days,
 Will surely take her honour:
 O giddy fair, why not foresee,
 His motive was to win you;
 Since 'tis so, why you and he
 Must part'ners now continue.

Then as the maxim, &c.

The rich and poor, 'tis all the same,
 They both alike are playing,
 The only difference is—the game,
 And sometimes in—the paying :
 The poor a little commerce want,
 And cribbage is their pleasure ;
 But hazard is the rich one's point,
 With which they risk their treasure.

Then since the maxim,

How many win ! how many lose !
 How many wish for court cards !
 How many a good hand abuse !
 How many love to sport cards !
 But none with diamonds ever parts,
 For they are always famous,
 And never fail in winning hearts—
 No matter what the game is.

Then since the maxim,

THE WOODMAN.

STAY traveller, tarry here to night,
 The rain yet beats, the wind is loud,
 The moon has too withdrawn her light,
 And gone to sleep behind a cloud :
 'Tis sev'n long miles across the moor,
 And shou'd you chance to go astray,
 You'll meet, I fear, nō friendly door,
 Nor soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, our meal prepare,
This stranger shall partake our best,
A cake and rasher be his fare,
With ale that makes the weary blest:

Approach the hearth, there take a place,
And till the hour of rest draws nigh,
Of Robin Hood and Chevy-Chace
We'll sing—then to our pallets hie.

Had I the means I'd use you well,
'Tis little I have got to boast;
Yet shou'd you of this cottage tell,
Say, Hal, the woodman, was your host.

GENTLE ANNA'S LOVE.

IMPREST with every fond desire,
My troubled mind has strove
To check the thought that dare aspire
To gentle Anna's love.

But reason cannot love restrain,
And vain my efforts prove;
My heart still fondly longs to gain
Its gentle Anna's love.

IN PRAISE OF ALE.

SINCE ale is so good, and its flavour so strong,
I think, my dear friend, that our scribblers
are wrong
To make foreign liquors the theme of their lays,
And exalt their wit in such paltry stuff's praise.

I sing to the praise of right tippie—see here,
 No brandy so strong, nor no amber so clear;
 Your wine and your Nantz I ne'er covet to see,
 And punch I despise—this is nectar to me.

Should any French tyrant again take the pains
 To make us submit to his church and his chains,
 I'd tell him in plain he'd get nothing by't,
 Since we drink good ale, and for liberty fight.
 And so to conclude, here is to thee my boy,
 This, this is my glory, my wish, and my joy;
 Your wine and your Nantz I ne'er covet to see,
 And punch I despise—this is nectar to me.

SWEET ELLEN, SORROW'S CHILD.

COLD blew the wind, no gleam of light,
 When Ellen left her home,
 And brav'd the horrors of the night,
 O'er dreary wilds to roam:
 The lovely maid had late been gay,
 When Hope and Pleasure smil'd;
 But now, alas! to Grief a prey,
 Was Ellen, Sorrow's child.

She long was William's promis'd bride,
 But ah! how sad a doom,
 The gentle youth in Beauty's pride,
 Was summons'd to the tomb!
 No more those joys shall Ellen prove,
 Which many an hour beguil'd;
 From morn to eve she mourns her love,
 Sweet Ellen, Sorrow's child.

With

With falt'ring step away she hies,
 O'er William's grave to weep,
 For Ellen there with tears and sighs,
 Her watch would often keep :
 The pitying angel saw her woe,
 And came with aspect mild—
 Thy tears shall now no longer flow,
 Sweet Ellen, Sorrow's child.

Thy plaintive notes were heard above,
 Where thou shalt soon find rest,
 Again thou shalt behold thy love,
 And be for ever blest :
 Ah ! can such bliss be mine, she cry'd,
 With voice and looks so wild,
 Then sunk upon the earth and dy'd—
 Sweet Ellen, Sorrow's child.

DEAR OBJECT OF EACH FOND DESIRE.

DEAR object of each fond desire,
 Why ask the limits of a fire,
 Whose embers shall retain a heat,
 Till Life's last pulse shall cease to beat.
 Tho' Time more rapid takes his flight,
 When e'er you bless my ravish'd sight ;
 Yet still he leaves behind some trace,
 To testify a new-born grace.

On the fair record of the breast
 These virtues truly are imprest ;
 They live, to Delia's image just,
 Like trophies round a medall'd bust :

Then cease, my dearest, to inquire
 The limits of Affection's fire ;
 Unless you wish to know the date,
 Then Life shall stoop to conqu'ring Fate.

THE UNION OF BACCHUS AND VENUS.

I'M a vot'ry of Bacchus, his godship adore,
 And love at his shrine gay libations to pour ;
 And Venus, blest Venus, my bosom inspires,
 For she lights in our souls the most sacred of fires ;
 Yet to neither I swear sole allegiance to hold,
 My bottle and lass I by turns must enfold ;
 For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.
 When fill'd to the fair, the brisk bumper I hold,
 Can the miser survey with such pleasure his gold ;
 The ambrosia of gods no such relish can boast,
 If good port fill your glass, and fair Kitty's the
 toast ;

And the charms of your girl more angelic will be,
 If her sofa's encircled with wreaths from his
 tree ;

For the sweetest of unions that mortals can prove
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

All partial distinctions I hate from my soul,
 O give me my fair one, and give me my bowl ;
 Bliss reflected from either will send to my heart
 Ten thousand sweet joys which they can't have
 apart :

Go try it ye smiling and gay looking throng,
 And your hearts shall in uniform beat to my song,
 That the sweetest of unions that mortals can
 prove
 Is of Bacchus, gay god, and the goddess of love.

THE TOPSAIL FILLS.

THE topsail fills, the waving bark unmoors,
 Adieu, dear isle, I fly thy charming shore,
 Where oft, alas! attention fondly strove
 In Delia's heart to trace her Henry's love.

Go gentle gale, ah! waft my parting sighs,
 Fraught with the anguish of a heart that dies;
 Breathe all the sorrows of a sad adieu,
 Then swiftly speed me from the syren's view.

And thou sweet soother, whose responsive strain
 Returns each sigh and echoes every pain,
 O bear this poignant pang, these pangs of wild
 despair,
 And softly sigh them to the cruel fair.

TOM AND SUSAN.

SEE the fleet quipp'd for sailing, the signal
 appears,

Tom kisses his Susan, then sad on board steers,
 She cries, Tom, farewell love, prove constant
 to Sue—

Tom's heart is so full he can scarce say adieu:

And when far away from his dear native shore,
He thinks (cruel thought) he may ne'er see her
more ;

This heart-felt reflection drives peace from his
mind,

He sighs for his Susan and friends left behind.

Poor Tom's rous'd from thought by the boat-
swain's loud cry,

" Each man to his station, the enemy we spy ; "

And now cannons rattle, the smoke veils the sun,

So desperate on both sides, they fire gun for gun:

Tom views his brave messmates bestrew'd o'er
the deck,

His once gallant ship now appears a mere wreck;

Loud screams, big with horror, resound o'er
the main,

Some shouting for victory, some crying with
pain.

The British tars conquer, then homeward they
steer,

The reward of their hard-earn'd victory to
share ;

Poor Tom tho' depriv'd in the fight of an arm,

His mind's still undaunted, his heart with love
warm ;

When first set on shore swift he hastens to Sue,

Receives the sad kiss he last gave with adieu :

She views her maim'd hero, and as their tears
flow,

Thanks Fate that preserv'd him from Death's
cruel blow.

Now mark well the sequel, his country's regard
 For his valour, lost limb, behold his reward—
 Poor wretch forc'd to wander the whole kingdom
 o'er,

And beg for subsistence at each humane door ;
 At length struck with famine, some ditch is his
 grave,

Unnotic'd, unpity'd, thus dies Tom the brave:
 Blush, blush you in pow'r, while truth I relate,
 Tom's not the first sailor doom'd to this hard
 fate.

MUSIC CHARMS THE RAVISH'D SOUL.

MUSIC charms the ravish'd soul,
 Ev'ry passion can controul ;
 Sounds, though rais'd by human art,
 Can strike the ear and touch the heart.

Why should love and wine, a blessing
 So divine, with words unhallow'd, dare profane ;
 Muse descend, and O defend,
 From rude hands, the sacred strain.

THE LOVELY BLUE-EY'D MAID.

THIS morn young Cyril on yon' plain,
 With falt'ring accents said,
 " Kill not your lover with disdain,
 " Thou lovely blue-ey'd maid."
 By Nature's hand with charms array'd,
 Sweet lovely blue-ey'd maid.

How oft I've try'd to speak my mind,
 But still you fled the glade;
 Be not to Cyril now unkind,
 Thou lovely blue-ey'd maid.

By Nature's hand, &c.

The poor youth's sighs prevail'd at last,
 And I his love repaid;
 "Give me your hand," he cry'd in haste,
 "Thou lovely blue-ey'd maid."

By Nature's hand, &c.

POOR SILLY FAN.

THE fields were gay, and sweet the hay,
 Our gipseys sat upon the grass,
 Both lad and lass by you were fed—
 'Twas all to cheat poor silly Fan.

Whene'er we meet, with kisses sweet,
 With speeches soft you won my heart;
 The Hawthorn bush shou'd make you blush,
 'Twas there you did seduce my heart.

O FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

O Flowing fountain should'st thou e'er
 In silver'd wave around her glide,
 Say thou art swell'd by love's fond tear,
 But murmur not whose eyes supply'd.

Or should'st thou gentle zephyr
 E'er approach the idol of my heart,
 Tell her then, breathe a sigh sincere,
 But whisper not whose sigh thou art.

SOUNDING

SOUNDING THE BOWL.

IF a sailor would not like a lubber appear,
 He must very well know how to hand, reef,
 and steer;

But a better manœuvre 'mongst seamen is found,
 'Tis the tight little maxim to know how to found,
 Which a sailor shou'd learn from a bay to a shoal,
 But the best kind of sounding, is sounding the
 bowl.

I've founded a-shore and I've founded at sea,
 I've founded a-weather, I've founded a-lee,
 I've founded my quine at the rendezvous house,
 And I've founded my purse without finding a
 souse;

What then, they've a brother in each honest
 soul,

And sailors can ne'er want for founding the
 bowl.

All men try for soundings wherever they steer;
 Your Nabobs for soundings try hard in Cape
 Clear;

And there is not a soul from the devil to the
 Pope,

That could live but for founding the Cape of
 Good Hope:

Nor fear then, nor danger, our hearts shall
 controul,

Tho' at sea we're in soundings—while sounding
 the bowl,

BE STILL MY HEART.

BE still my heart, embrace thy chain,
 Nor strive for liberty in vain;
 For all thy efforts only prove
 How much I feel, how much I love.

The day and night devoid of rest,
 The anxious fears that fill my breast—
 These witness to the pow'rs above
 How much I feel, how much I love.

Then waft her, Zephyrus, my sighs,
 And tell her, Cupid, through my eyes,
 With what a passion long I've strove—
 How much I feel, how much I love.

BEAUTY.

WHAT is beauty but a flower,
 A rose that blossoms for an hour,
 Cherish'd by the tears of spring,
 Fan'd by ev'ry zephyr's wing;
 See how soon its colour flies,
 Blushing, trembles, droops, and dies;
 Age will come with wint'ry face,
 Ev'ry transient joy to chase.

Friendship's but an empty name,
 Glitt'ring like a vap'rish flame;
 Youth flies fast and soon decays,
 Bliss is lost while time delays:
 Deck, O deck, your couch with flow'rs,
 Laugh away the sportive hours;
 Then since life's a fleeting day,
 Ah! enjoy it while you may.

MARIA.

WHEN first Maria smil'd on me,
 How cheerful were my days,
 My bosom glow'd with ecstasy,
 Soft joys dwelt in her praise :
 But, ah ! the lovesome lay is o'er,
 The tender strain is fled,
 That call'd the birds around my bow'r,
 And warbled o'er her head.

Oft on the turf-rais'd bank she sung
 The pleasing theme of love ;
 The notes through ev'ry valley rung,
 Enliven'd every grove :
 But, ah ! the lovesome lay is o'er,
 The tender strain is fled,
 That call'd the birds around my bow'r,
 And warbled o'er her head.

THE REQUEST.

TELL me babbling echo why
 You return me sigh for sigh ;
 When I of flighted love complain,
 You delight to mock my pain.
 Bold intruder night and day,
 Busy tell-tale hence away ;
 Me and my cares in silence leave,
 Come not near me whilst I grieve.

But

But if my swain, in all his charms,
Returns to bless my longing arms,
I'll call thee from thy dark retreat,
The joyful tidings to repeat.

Repeat, repeat, repeat thy strain,
Tell it o'er and o'er again;
From morn to night prolong the tale,
Let it ring from vale to vale.

THE CHARMS OF SYLVIA.

HOW fair the virgin lilly blows,
How fragrant breathes the blushing rose;
But Sylvia's lips more fragrance yields,
Than all the blossoms of the fields:
Her eyes outshine the diamonds blaze,
Her bosom heav'n itself displays;
In ev'ry feature blooms a charm
Of pow'r, an hermits breast to warm.

Her voice can raise a sweeter strain
Than all the warblers of the plain;
Her smiles can wake despair to joy,
But, ah! her heart is cold and coy:
Such beauty heav'n could not bestow,
Unblessing, and unblest'd to glow;
'Twas form'd to nourish and inspire
The tender sighs of fond desire.

SHE VOW'D TO DIE A MAID.

IN am'rous mood young Strephon long
Had told a melting tale,
And tun'd his pipe, and rais'd his song
To Fanny of the vale:

'The blooming Nymph attentive heard
 Whate'er the shepherd said,
 And oft as seriously declar'd,
 She vow'd to die a maid.

The ardent youth is suit to gain,
 And all her fears remove,
 Said, " That such vows were held in vain
 " By Jupiter and love ;"
 Then grasp'd her hand, and look'd, and sigh'd,
 And ev'ry art display'd,
 Yet still she jeeringly reply'd,
 " She vow'd to die a maid."

The church in view, across the mead,
 He pointed to the place ;
 The fair one let him gently lead,
 And soon said Hymen's grace :
 With sparkling eyes she view'd the swain,
 And laughingly she said,
 " 'Tis your fault if my vow remain,
 " To let me die a maid."

DEAR IMAGE OF THE MAID I LOVE,

DEAR image of the maid I love,
 Whose charms you bring to view,
 In absence some delight I feel,
 By gazing still on you :
 Debar'd her sight by tyrant pow'r,
 How wretched should I be,
 But that I cheer each lonely hour
 By gazing still on thee,

Oh!

Oh! could I call this fair one mine,
 What rapture shou'd I feel;
 Oh! cou'd I press that form divine,
 Each hour my blifs wou'd seal:
 But, ah! depriv'd of all her charms,
 My soul can find no rest;
 And shou'd she bless another's arms,
 Despair wou'd fill my breast.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN ADONIS AND VENUS.

WHEN serjeant Belswagger, that masculine
 brute

One day had been drinking to swear a recruit,
 He kiss'd you, I saw him, or else may I die,
 And you, cruel Maudlin, ne'er once cry'd O fie!
 Again when the 'squire had come home from
 the chace,

You receiv'd him, O gods, with a smile on
 your face;

Henceforth, then, my sheep harum skarum may
 run,

For Maudlin is faithless, and I am undone.

Ah, Joe! you're a good one; one day in my
 place—

My husband at home—I was forc'd to send
 Grace:

I know for a truth, which you cannot gainsay,
 You touzled her well on a cock of new hay.

Nay,

Nay, swore you'd be her's—and, what is worse
 yet,
 That you only lov'd me just for what you
 could get;
 As for charms then, I ne'er will believe I have
 one,
 For Joey is faithless, and I am undone.
 Will you know then the truth on't? I towz'd
 her I own,
 Though I rather by half would have let it
 alone;
 But I did it to see if you jealous would prove,
 For that people say is a sure sign of love.
 And for me, if the 'squire said soft things in
 my ear,
 I suffer'd it, thinking he'd call for strong beer;
 And as to the serjeant, 'tis always a rule,
 One had better be kiss'd than be teaz'd—by a
 fool.

THE UNDAUNTED SAILOR.

BLOW, Boreas blow, thy surly wind
 May make the billows foam and roar;
 Thou breed'st no fear in valiant minds,
 For spight of thee we'll find a shore:
 Then cheer my hearts, and be not aw'd,
 But keep the gun room clear,
 Tho' all the devils roar abroad,
 We've sea room boys—and never fear.

See

See how she tosses up, how far,
 The mounting topmast touch'd a star;
 The meteors blaz'd as through the clouds we
 came,

And, salamander like, we live in flame :

But now we go, see, see, we go

To the deepest shades below ;

Alas ! where are we now, or who can tell ?

Sure 'tis the lowest room in hell,

Or where the sea gods dwell,

With them we'll live and reign,

And sing and dance amain.

But see, see we mount again,

Still tho' flashes of light'ning and tempests of
 rain

Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the air,

Tho' the captain his pray'r doth lustily swear,

And the seas are on fire by the demons of the
 air :

We drink and defy the mad spirits that fly

From the deep to the sky,

And sing, tho' loud thunder shou'd bellow,

For Fate will still have a rich birth for the brave,

And ne'er make his grave of a salt water wave,

No—a sailor's too honest a fellow.

C'EST QU'ON NE VOIT GUERE.

IN Paris as in London,

Vice thrives, and Virtue's undone ;

Errors, passions, want of truth,

Folly, in age as well as youth,

Are things by no means rare ;

But honest usurers, friends sincere,
And judges with their conscience clear,
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

In Paris all things vary,
Sixteen and sixty marry;
Men presuming on their purse,
Heirs with their estates at nurse,
Are things by no means rare:
But doctors who refuse a fee,
And wives and husbands who agree,
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

In Paris idle passion
And folly lead the fashion;
Attention paid to show and dress,
Modest merit in distress,
Are things by no means rare:
But friendship in sarcastic sneers,
And honesty in widow's tears,
C'est qu'on ne voit guere.

THE TINKER.

A tinker I am,
My name's Natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it;
So low is my fate,
My personal estate
Lies all within this budget.
Work for the tinker ho! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle—
*Twere well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle,

The man of war,
The man of the bar,
Physicians, priests, free thinkers,
That rove up and down
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers?
Work for the tinker, &c.

Those 'mong the great
Who tinker the state,
And badger the minority,
Pray what's the end
Of their work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority?
Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name,
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation:
And thus, had I time,
I could prove in my rhyme,
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.
Work for the tinker, &c.

THE SPARKLING GLASS.

CROWN me Bacchus, mighty god,
The victory is thine,
Cupid's bow yields to thy rod,
And love submits to wine.

Love,

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Love, the dream of idle boys,
That makes the sage an ass;
Love cannot vie with those sweet joys
That crown the sparkling glass.

To plunge in care let lovers whine,
Such fools who will be, may;
Good fellows glass in hand combine,
To drive pale care away.

With grief of heart, how many a boy
Goes mad to please some lass!
We too go mad, but 'tis with joy,
Fir'd by the sparkling glass.

How many dangle on a tree
Who buckle to Love's tether;
True to our honest purpose we
Hang too, but 'tis together.

The lover numbers, by his sighs,
The moments as they pass;
We count them in a way more wise,
By putting round the glass.

See in his cage the lover sing,
Wife, children, squall sonorus;
We make the air and glasses ring,
While singing Freedom's chorus.

No never shall presumptuous love
The joys of wine surpass;
Worn out by bickerings, even Jove
Seeks Bacchus and his glass.

WED AN HONEST SAILOR.

THAT girl who fain would chuse a mate,
Should ne'er in fondness fail her,
May thank her lucky stars if Fate
Should splice her to a sailor.

He braves the storm, the battle's heat,
The yellow boys to nail her;
Diamonds, if diamonds she could eat,
Would seek her honest sailor.

If she'd be constant, still his heart
She's sure will never fail her;
For, though a thousand leagues apart,
Still faithful is her sailor.

If she be false, still he is kind,
And absent does bewail her;
Her trusting, as he trusts the wind,
Still faithless to the sailor.

A butcher can procure her prog,
Three-threads to drink a taylor—
What's that to biscuit and to grog,
Procur'd her by her sailor.

She who would such a mate refuse,
The devil sure must ail her:
Search round, and, if you're wise, you'll chuse
To wed an honest sailor,

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THE NEGLECTED TAR.

I Sing the British seaman's praise,
 A theme renown'd in story;
 It well deserves more polish'd lays,
 Oh! 'tis your boast and glory.
 When mad-brain'd war spreads death around,
 By them you are protected;
 But when in peace the nation's found,
 These bulwarks are neglected.
 Then O! protect the hardy tar,
 Be mindful of his merit;
 And when again you're plung'd in war,
 He'll shew his daring spirit.

When thickest darkness covers all,
 Far on the trackless ocean;
 When lightning darts, when thunders roll,
 And all his wild commotion:
 When the bark on the white top'd waves,
 With boist'rous sweep is rolling;
 Yet coolly still the whole he braves,
 Untam'd amidst the howling.
 Then oh! protect, &c.

When deep immers'd in sulph'rous smoke,
 He feels a glowing pleasure;
 He loads his gun, or cracks his joke,
 Elated beyond measure:
 Tho' fore and aft the blood-stain'd deck,
 Should lifeless trunks appear;
 Or should the vessel float a wreck,
 The sailor knows no fear.

C Then oh! &c.

When long becalm'd on southern brine,
 Where scorching beams assail him;
 When all the canvas hangs supine,
 And food and water fail him:
 Then oft he dreams of Britain's shore,
 Where plenty still is reigning—
 They call the watch—his rapture's o'er—
 He sighs, but scorns complaining.

Then oh! protect, &c.

Or burning on that noxious coast,
 Where Death so oft befriends him;
 Or pinch'd by hoary Greenland's frost,
 True courage still attends him;
 No clime can this eradicate,
 He glories in annoyance,
 He fearless braves the storms of Fate,
 And bids grim Death defiance.

Then oh! protect, &c.

Why should the man who knows no fears,
 In peace be then neglected?
 Behold him moving 'long the piers,
 Pale, meagre, and dejected:
 Behold him begging for employ,
 Behold him disregarded;
 Then view the anguish in his eye,
 And say, Are tars rewarded?

Then oh! protect, &c.

To them your dearest rights you owe,
 In peace then would you starve them?
 What say ye Britain's sons—Oh! no,
 Protect them and preserve them:

Shield them from poverty and pain,

'Tis policy to do it;

Or when grim war shall come again,

Oh, Britons you may rue it!

Then oh! protect, &c.

THE VILLAGE MAIDEN.

WHEN first I saw the village maiden,

Like Cymon, motionless I stood,

'Twas Iphigenia's self appearing,

So lovely, beautiful, and good;

Her cheeks out-blush'd the rip'ning rose,

Her smiles would banish mortals' woes—

So sweet the village maiden.

Clarissa's eyes, all eyes attracting,

Her breath Arabian spices feign;

For her, like ore, would Avarice wander,

Adventure all the prize to gain:

I told my love with many fears,

Which she return'd with speaking tears—

Then sigh'd the village maiden.

She sigh'd because she had no riches,

To make her lady-like and gay;

Tho' virtue was her only portion,

I dar'd to name the wedding day.

The care of wealth let knaves endure,

I shall be rich and envied sure,

To gain the village maiden.

LOVELY POLLY.

A Seaman's love is void of art,
 Plain sailing to his port—the heart,
 He knows no jealous folly ;
 'Tis hard enough at sea to war
 With boist'rous elements that jar—
 All's peace with lovely Polly.

Enough that far from sight of shore,
 Clouds frown and angry billows roar,
 Still he is brisk and jolly ;
 And while furrounded by his mates,
 Her health he drinks, anticipates
 The smiles of lovely Polly.

Should thunder on th' horizon press,
 Mocking our signal of distress,
 E'en then dull Melancholy
 Vainly intrudes—he braves the din,
 In hopes to find a calm—within
 The snowy arms of Polly.

NOTHING BUT SPITE.

THO' my mother and aunt will jeer and will
 taunt,
 And say that my conduct's too free ;
 They may censure and rail, yet they'll never
 prevail,
 It has no effect upon me.

While

While Time's on the wing, I will laugh, and
will sing,

Youth's the season for mirth and delight ;
They have each had their day, have been
merry and gay—

So all that they say is mere spite.
Like the birds in the grove, who chirrup fond
love,

And sweetly salute ev'ry ear ;
I will join in the lay, or like lambkins will play,
And with rapture each moment will cheer.
Young Colin he sues, I can hardly refuse,
He's so pleasing from morning to night ;
Aunt says, he's a cheat, all his courtship's deceit,
Yet I know all she says is but spite.

Yet with prudence in mind no harm I shall find,
And I always will be on my guard ;
Not all of his art shall vex my gay heart,
And to break it he'll find 'tis too hard :
Should he promise with truth he will wed, the
dear youth

I certainly never could slight ;
I cannot deny, but most surely comply—
To refuse would be nothing but spite.

BACCHUS'S BOAST.

THOU' Bacchus may boast of his care-killing
bowl,

And folly in thought-drowning revels delight,
Such worship, alas ! has no charm for the soul,
When softer devotion the senses invite :

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,
 His potion oblivious a balm may bestow ;
 But to Fancy that feeds on the charms of the fair,
 The death of Reflection's the birth of all woe.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,
 With riot would bid the sweet vision be gone?
 For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,
 Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun:
 Each change and excess hath through life been
 my doom,

And well can I speak of its joys and its strife;
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
 But Love's the true sun-shine that gladdens
 our life.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my
 sight,

The magic illusions that ravish the soul ;
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my
 bowl :

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
 Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet
 remove ;

But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the
 wine,

That's mellow'd by Friendship and sweeten'd
 by Love.

WERTER'S GHOST.

WHEN Night her sable curtain drew,
 And scatter'd darkness o'er the plains,

Poor Charlotte from her home withdrew,
 To weep o'er Werter's dear remains :
 She to his sacred tomb drew near,
 And mourn'd his sad untimely end ;
 In pity shed the tender tear,
 For her much-lov'd departed friend.

Oh ! Werter ! Werter ! Charlotte cry'd,
 Had we each other sooner seen,
 Thou would'st not in despair have dy'd,
 For thine alone I should have been :
 But heav'n otherwise ordain'd,
 And thou, alas ! art now no more ;
 Whilst I on earth am yet detain'd,
 And shall, till death, thy fate deplore.

Just as she spoke, array'd in white,
 Stood Werter's ghost before her eyes ;
 She trembling view'd the awful sight,
 That fill'd her soul with dread surprise :—

“ Unhappy fair,” the spirit said,
 “ Thy sighs forbear, thy sorrows cease ;
 “ And tears for me no longer shed,
 “ Who now enjoy eternal peace.”

“ Thou too, like me, wilt soon be blest
 “ With lasting joy and true delight,
 “ Where nought can e'er thy bliss molest :”—
 It bow'd, then vanish'd from her sight.
 With downcast look and solemn pace,
 Poor Charlotte homeward bent her way ;
 And ne'er again approach'd the place,
 Where Werter's hallow'd relics lay.

I CANNO' LAIKE YE, GENTLE SIR.

I Canno' laike ye, gentle fir,
 Altho' a laird ye be,
 I laike a bonny Scottish lad,
 Wha brought me fra Dundee.
 Haud away with Jamie,
 I gang'd along wi free gude will,
 He's a' the world to me.

Ife gang'd wi Jamie fra Dundee,
 To cheer the lanesome way;
 His cheeks are ruddy o'er wi halth,
 He's frolic as the May.

Haud away, &c.

The lav'rock mounts to hail the morn,
 The lintwhite swells her throat;
 But neither are sa sweet, sa clear,
 As Jamie's tunefu note.

Haud away, &c.

A FAVORITE SONG.

WHILE Strephon thus you teaze me,
 To say what won my heart,
 It cannot sure be treason
 If I the truth impart:
 It was your gen'rous nature,
 Bold, soft, sincere, and gay,
 It shone in ev'ry feature,
 And stole my heart away.

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'Twas not your smile, tho' charming,
 'Twas not your eyes, tho' bright,
 'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming,
 Nor Beauty's dazzling light;
 No—it was your gen'rous nature,
 Bold, soft, sincere, and gay,
 It shone in ev'ry feature,
 And stole my heart away.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining,
 Nor shape that won my heart,
 'Twas not your tongue combining,
 For that might please by art;
 No—it was your gen'rous nature,
 Bold, soft, sincere, and gay,
 It shone in ev'ry feature,
 And stole my heart away.

JACK AND SUE.

WHEN darkling tempests threaten wide,
 And clouds obscure each light,
 The moon and stars no longer guide—
 How terrible the night:
 Now up, now down, now high, now low,
 While lightnings flash and winds do blow;
 What dreadful images appear—
 Yet then the sailor must not fear.
 Yet do not mourn, my dearest Sue,
 Or give thy breast alarms;
 My love and constancy to you,
 Shall save me from all harms:

Tho' thunders roll and lightnings fly,
 And billows toss the vessels high;
 Tho' dreadful images appear,
 Thy Jack shall think on thee, my dear.

Perhaps the tempest soon may cease,
 And morning beam with light,
 And halcyon days of love and peace,
 Shall crown us with delight.
 Safe wafted to my native shore,
 My faithful Sue to meet once more;
 Each prospect then my heart would cheer,
 When blest'd with thee, my only dear.

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

WHEN through the woods the hunters trace
 The nimble hart or hare,
 Fond echo joins the noble chace,
 And vocal makes the air.

The opening hounds the game pursue,
 And brush away the morning dew.

From hills and dales the cries resound,
 While mellow sounds the horn;
 Each varied prospect smiles around,
 And rapture cheers the morn.

The opening hounds the game pursue,
 And brush away the sparkling dew.

At length o'er ta'en, the trembling prey,
 Its speed no longer tries;

Fear

Fear all his courage takes away,
And soon the victim dies.
The hunters then the bowl pursue,
And all their songs of joy renew.

JOCKEY IS A PRETTY LAD.

T'OTHER day, 'twas in a mead,
Young Jockey came to me,
Between us there it was agreed,
That I his bride should be ;
Sweetly me he did caress,
And said I was his pride—
Pleas'd I was, yet must confess,
I thought I should have dy'd.

Jockey is a pretty lad, &c.

There's none so blithe as he—
When he's near my heart is glad,
Oh he's the lad for me ;
Next day Jockey to me said,
Dear Jenny shall we wed ?
“ Oh dear,” said I, “ I am afraid”—
Poor youth he hung his head ;
All his wish was to be wed,
He would not be deny'd—
Pleas'd was I, but must confess,
I thought I should have dy'd.

Jockey is a pretty lad, &c

Yesterday to church we went,
And there we join'd our hands—
We neither shall, I hope, repent,
Tho' fast in Hymen's bands :

Had you seen us go to church,
 He laughing, while I cry'd—
 Had he left me in the lurch,
 I'm sure I should have dy'd!

Jockey is a pretty lad, &c.

SPARKLE LIKE THE BOWL.

FILL high the bowl, an ample tide,
 I love to see it foaming wide;
 The cheerful bumper then display,
 Drink to the friendly and the gay;
 Drink will exhilarate the soul,
 And make wit sparkle like the bowl.

Like Bacchus, round my temples twine
 The clusters of the juicy vine;
 Pour in the claret, 'twill impart
 New raptures to the drinker's heart;
 'Twill then exhilarate the soul,
 And make wit sparkle like the bowl.

Let Love and Bacchus both unite,
 Each join'd, affords supreme delight;
 A bumper and a kiss inspire
 The mind with mirth and fond desire;
 Both will exhilarate the soul,
 And make wit sparkle like the bowl.

Let the gods themselves to drink incline,
 Ecstasies are punch infus'd with wine—
 Inspiring mirth, and love, and joy,
 Such raptures which can never cloy:
 Drink will exhilarate the soul,
 And make wit sparkle like the bowl.

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POOR TOM; OR, THE SAILOR'S EPITAPH.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew,

No more he'll hear the tempest howling,

For Death has broach'd him to :

His form was of the manliest beauty,

His heart was kind and soft,

Faithful below he did his duty,

And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,

His virtues were so rare,

His friends were many, and true hearted,

His Poll was kind and fair :

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,

Ah ! many's the time and oft ;

But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,

For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,

When he, who all commands,

Shall give, to call life's crew together,

The word to pipe all hands.

Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,

In vain Tom's life has doff'd ;

For, though his body's under hatches,

His soul is gone aloft.

LA FEVRE.

THE morning smil'd, the fields look'd gay,

The shepherds tun'd their cheerful lay ;

And

And Nature's self did rest at ease,
For all the earth look'd love and peace.

But, ah! what notes are these salute mine ear,
La Fevre, poor La Fevre, 'tis I hear,
With broken accents blessing now his son,
And lisping forth, my race is nearly run;
I go, my son, I now approach the shore
Where thy lov'd mother has just reach'd before.

There we shall meet, and join our pleasing tale,
To watch thy steps, to guard thee from all ill;
There with sweet peace thy filial love will own,
And say with pleasure, thou art indeed our son:
He sigh'd, and with a sad and last adieu,
Bade him farewell—I leave the world and you.

Now o'er his tomb, that's deck'd with Cypress
green,

The village nymphs with weeping eyes are seen;
They strew the sod with many a lovely flow'r,
And breathe sweet friendship in this hapless hour:
Tho' friendship can in part the soul relieve,
'Tis heav'n alone must stay the sigh to heave.

HOW COLD IT IS.

NOW the blust'ring Boreas blows,
See all the waters round are froze;
The trees that skirt the dreary plain,
All day a murm'ring cry maintain;
The trembling forest hears their moan,
And sadly mingles groan with groan.

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How dismal all from East to West,
Heaven defend the poor distrest ;

Such is the tale
On hill and vale,
Each traveller may behold it is ;
While low and high
Are heard to cry,
Bless my heart, how cold it is.

Humanity, delightful tale !
While we feel the winter gale,
May the high peer, in ermin'd coat,
Incline the ear to Sorrow's note ;
And where with Mis'ry's weight oppress'd,
A fellow sits a shiv'ring guest,
Full ample let his bounty flow,
To soothe the bosom chill'd by woe ;

In town or vale,
Where'er the tale
Of real grief unfolded is,
O may he give
The means to live,

To those who know how cold it is.

Perchance some warrior, blind and lam'd,
Some dauntless tar, for Britain maim'd—
Consider these, for thee they bore
The loss of limbs, and suffer'd more ;
O pass them not, or if you do,
I'll sigh to think they fought for you.
Go pity all, but 'bove the rest,
The soldier, or the tar distrest ;

Thro'

Thro' Winter's reign
 Relieve their pain,
 For what they've done sure bold it is;
 Their wants supply,
 Whene'er they cry,
 Bless my heart, how cold it is.

And now ye sluggards, sloths, and beaus,
 Who dread the breath that Winter blows,
 Pursue the conduct of a friend,
 Who never found it yet offend;
 While Winter deals its frost around,
 Go face the air and beat the ground,
 With cheerful spirits exercise,
 'Tis there Health's balmy blessing lies:
 On hill or dale,
 Tho' sharp the gale,
 And frozen you behold it is—
 The blood shall glow,
 And sweetly flow,
 And you'll ne'er cry, how cold it is.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

AWAY, let naught to love displeasing,
 My Winifreda, move thy fear;
 Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,
 Nor squeamish pride nor gloomy care:
 What tho' no grants of royal donors,
 With pompous titles grace our blood;
 We'll shine in more substantial honours,
 And to be noble we'll be good.

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What though from Fortune's lavish bounty,

No mighty treasures we possess;

We'll find within our pittance plenty,

And be content without excess;

Still shall each kind returning season,

Sufficient for our wishes give;

For we will live a life of reason,

And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,

Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;

And all the great ones much shall wonder,

How they admire such little folk:

Through youth and age, in love excelling,

We'll hand in hand together tread;

Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,

And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,

Whilst round my knees they fondly clung;

To see them look, their mother's features—

To hear them lisp their mother's tongue:

And when with envy time transported,

Shall think to rob us of our joys;

You'll in your girls again be courted,

And I go wooing in my boys.

AN ENGLISHMAN MAY TURN, MAY VEER.

AN Englishman may turn, may veer,

Nor from each drift of passion;

Whim or caprice more safely steer,

Than any other nation.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

But in his heart a compass fair,
The vessel of the owner
Guides safely, for the needle there
Points to the magnet honour.

An Englishman he has no pow'r,
To feign or put disguise on;
May gloomy look, dull, grave, and low'r,
Just like his own horizon.
But in his heart a compass fair, &c.

ORAN IS NO MORE.

IN vain to me the hours of care,
When ev'ry daily toil is o'er;
In my sad heart no hopes I find,
For Oran is, alas! no more.
Nor sunny Africa could please,
Nor friends upon my native shore;
To me the dreary world's a cave,
For Oran is, alas! no more.
In bow'rs of bliss, beyond the moon,
The white man says, his sorrow's o'er;
And comforts me with soothing hope,
Tho' Oran is, alas! no more.
O come then, messenger of Death,
Convey me to the starry shore,
Where I may meet with my true-love,
And never part with Oran more.

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WHAT IS THAT TO YOU.

WHEN first I came to London town,
A buck I needs must be ;
I knock'd each crazy watchman down,
O! dam'e, who but me :
Around the garden then I rov'd,
Each blossom to pursue ;
And every midnight pleasure prov'd—
But what is that to you ?

My daddy's purse supply'd with cash,
Which flew like chaff away ;
I thought it then no more than trash,
So that I could be gay :
Pimps, whores, and bullies, shar'd my store,
A very jovial crew ;
My land I sold to get me more—
And what is that to you ?

My land I've sold, and I've no more,
And all my friends are flown ;
Nor buck, nor blood, nor pimp, nor whore,
My poverty will own :
Disconsolate I pass along,
With misery in view ;—
Ye bucks and bloods attend my song,
And mind what 'tis ye do.

DAMON.

I'LL cull the sweets of ev'ry mead,
And twine a wreath for Damon's head,
That

That youth so gen'rous, kind, and free,
For vows of faith oft pledg'd to me.

At eve he drives his herd to fold,
And I fond tales of love am told;
And if his glances meet my eye,
My love-fraught bosom heaves a sigh.

Tho' envied by each beauteous fair,
Still Damon is my love and care;
With him at Hymen's shrine I'd bow,
And seal the lover's tender vow.

THE AMBROSIAL BOWL.

'TIS wine alone can banish care,
And haste the busy mind to rest;
Dispel the phantom of despair,
And soothe the lover's throbbing breast.
The balmy dew of Laura's lip,
A cordial sweet is to my soul;
But sweeter is the dew I sip
From this ambrosial sparkling bowl.

When quaffing deep the gen'rous tide,
In vain my friend says, "let's away;"
When thro' my brain soft visions glide,
'Tis rosy Bacchus bids me stay.
Then crown the goblet to the brink,
Invoke the ever-tuneful Nine?
Like sons of Bacchus let us drink,
And mingle friendship with the wine.

POLLY

POLLY OF THE GREEN.

THE morning smil'd serenely gay,

Sweet music fill'd the grove;

Bright beam'd the cheerful god of day,

And fill'd each breast with love.

The lark attun'd his song on high,

All nature blithe was seen;

A sweeter voice seem'd to reply,

'Twas Polly of the green.

My oaten pipe beneath the shade,

I tun'd to mirth and glee;

She stood and listen'd while I play'd,

What charms I then did see:

The rosy blush which decks the morn,

Upon her cheek was seen;

The graces did her form adorn,

Dear Polly of the green.

I gaz'd, she smil'd, I smil'd again,

With infinite delight;

Fond love I found in ev'ry vein,

Her form so charm'd my sight:

No maid that ever I beheld,

Had such a graceful mien;

So much she ev'ry one excell'd—

Sweet Polly of the green.

Ye pow'rs who rule the realms above,

Attend my ardent pray'r;

Let Polly to my wishes prove,

As kind as she is fair:

O! Venus

O! Venus to my suit incline,
As thou art Beauty's queen,
And let the charming maid be mine—
Dear Polly of the green.

A FAVORITE GLEE.

WHEN Arthur first in court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertain'd three serving men,
And all of them were thieves.
The first he was an Irishman,
The second was a Scot,
The third he was a Welchman;
And all were knaves, I wot.
The Irishman lov'd usquebaugh,
The Scot lov'd ale call'd blue-cap;
The Welchman he lov'd toasted cheese,
And made his mouth a mouse-trap.
Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman,
The Scot was drown'd in ale;
The Welchman had like to've been choak'd
with a mouse,
But he pull'd her out by the tail.

THE FLOWING CAN.

A Sailor's life's a life of woe,
He works now late, now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then he takes it cheerly.

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Blest with a smiling can of grog;

If duty call,

Stand, rise, or fall,

To Fate's last verge he'll jog;

The cadge to weigh,

The sheets belay,

He does it with a wish;

To heave the lead,

Or to cat-head,

The pond'rous anchor fish :

For while the grog goes round,

All sense of danger's drown'd,

We despise it to a man;

We sing a little, and laugh a little,

And work a little, and swear a little,

And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,

And swig the flowing can.

If howling winds, and roaring seas,

Give proof of coming danger;

We view the storm, our heart's at ease,

For Jack's to fear a stranger.

Bless'd with the smiling grog we fly,

Where now below

We headlong go,

Now rise on mountains high;

Spight of the gale,

We hand the sail,

Or take the needful reef;

Or man the deck,

To clear some wreck,

To give the ship relief:

Tho' perils threat around,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

But yet think not our case is hard,
 Tho' storms at sea thus treat us,
 For coming home—a sweet reward,
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us.
 Now to the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
 And gaily sing and laugh;
 The sails we furl,
 Then for each girl,
 The petticoat display.
 The deck we clear,
 Then three times cheer,
 As we their charms survey;
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger's drown'd,
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

IN VAIN I SEEK THE LONELY GROVE.

IN vain I seek the lonely grove,
 Or melancholy shade,
 Oppress'd, alas! with hopeless love,
 For one deluding maid:
 She heard my vows, I thought her kind,
 So sweet she on me smil'd;
 But she deceiv'd my artless mind,
 And all my hopes beguil'd.

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With Colin now she trips the plain,
 Nor heeds my tender sighs ;
 Laughs at my love, my tears, and pain,
 And from my presence flies.
 Fair queen of love ! relieve my smart,
 And make the maid relent ;
 Or strike with death my aching heart,
 And I shall be content.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER

'TWAS in the good ship Rover,
 I sail'd the world around,
 And for three years and over,
 I ne'er touch'd British ground :
 At last in England landed,
 I left the roaring main,
 Found all relations stranded,
 And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,
 Right fore and aft we bore ;
 But when we made Cape Ortugal,
 A gale blew off the shore.
 She lay—so did it shock her,
 A log upon the main,
 Till sav'd from Davy's locker,
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,
 Upon a squally night,
 Thunder and lightning hailing
 The horrors of the fight ;

D

My

My precious limb was lopped off,
 I, when they eas'd my pain,
 Thank'd God I was not popped off,
 And went to sea again.
 Yet still am I enabled,
 To bring up in life's rear,
 Although I'm quite disabled,
 And lie in Greenwich tier.
 The King, God bless his royalty,
 Who sav'd me from the main,
 I'll praise with love and loyalty,
 But ne'er to sea again,

A FAVORITE SONG.

I Travers'd Judah's barren sand,
 At Beauty's altar to adore;
 But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
 And Sion's daughters weep no more.
 In Greece, the bold imperious main,
 The wanton look, the leering eye,
 Bade Love's devotion not be feign,
 Where constancy is never nigh.
 From thence to Italy's fair shore,
 I bent my never-ceasing way,
 And to Loretta's temple bore,
 A mind devoted still to pray.
 But there too, Superstition's hand
 Had sickly'd every feature o'er;
 And made me soon regain the land,
 Where beauty fills the western shore.

Where

Where Hymen, with celestial pow'r,
 Connubial transport doth adorn;
 Where purest virtue sports the hour,
 That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
 Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
 Oh! Charity's sweet children, smile,
 To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

THE TWINS OF LATONA.

THE twins of Latona so kind to my boon,
 Arise to partake of the chase;
 And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,
 And a smile to the smiles on her face.

For the sport I delight in the bright queen of
 love,

With myrtles my brow shall adorn,
 While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in
 the grove,

Excell'd by the found of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,
 Yet sweeter the notes of sweet echo's reply;
 Hark forward, hark forward, the game is in
 view,

But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from his chamber of woodbine peeps
 out,

His sentence he hears in the gale,
 Yet flies 'till entangled in fear and in doubt,
 His courage and constancy fail.

Surrounded by foes he prepares for the fray,
 Despair taking place of his fear,
 With antlers erected awhile stands at bay,
 Then surrenders his life with a tear.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

IN a mould'ring cave, where the wretched
 retreat,

Britannia sat wasted with care ;
 She mourn'd for her Wolfe, and exclaim'd
 against Fate,

And gave herself up to despair :
 The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around,
 With the feats of her favorite son ;
 And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
 Was engrav'd with some deeds he had done.

The fire of the gods, from his chrystalline throne,
 Beheld the disconsolate dame,
 And mov'd with her tears he sent Mercury down,
 And these were the tidings that came——

Britannia forbear, not a sigh or a tear,
 For thy Wolfe so deservedly lov'd,
 Your tears shall be chang'd into triumphs of joy,
 For thy Wolfe is not dead but remov'd.

The sons of the earth, the proud giants of old,
 Have crept from their darksome abodes,
 And this is the news as in heaven it was told,
 They were marching to war with the gods ;
 A council was held in the chamber of Jove,
 And this was their final decree,

That

That Wolfe should be call'd to the armies above,
And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew,
Wolfe beg'd for a moment's delay ;

He cry'd, " Oh forbear, let me victory hear,
" And then thy commands I'll obey."

With a darksome thick film I encompass'd his
eyes,

And bore him away in an urn,
Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore,
Should induce him again to return.

THE ENLIVENING BOWL.

GAZING on the enlivening bowl,
Rapt'rous pleasures fill my soul ;

Hence !—be far away dull Care !

Pining Sorrow comes not here :—

Smiling Mirth, and songs of joy,

Shall our cheerful hours employ.

Sons of Mirth, your revels keep,

Banish care and banish sleep ;—

Give the founding chorus birth,

Sing the praise of wine and mirth ;

Wine, that cheers the drooping sage—

Wine, that smooths the brow of age.

What is gold, but purer earth !

What is fame, but empty breath !—

Honour's but an empty boast !

Science—but a toil at most :

Why should we for phantoms pine ;
All our joys are in the vine.

Let us then serenely gay,
Sweetly trifle time away ;
Envious Death our steps attends,
And his fatal scythe he bends :
Let us from his presence fly,
Give our hours to mirth and joy.

I CAN BEAT HIM, SIRS, AT THAT.

BUT three months I have been a wife,
And spouse already shows his airs—
I wish I'd liv'd a single life,
But as I could not, why, who cares !
Besides, let husband use his tongue,
And bounce, and scold, and cock his hat—
By Jove, he'll find I'm not so young,
But I can beat him, sirs, at that.

I'll go to op'ras, balls, and plays,
Or where I like—and won't be check'd ;
Egad, I'll racket nights and days,
Until he treats me with respect :
And if he romps with—I know who,
Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat ;
And faith may find, and shall so too,
That I can beat him, sirs, at that.

But this I-vow, if he'll be good,
And let me sometimes have my will ;
Young wives, you know, most surely should !
I'll duly ev'ry rite fulfil,

And

And never—O no! never rove,
But stay with dear at home, and chat;
And prove by kindest deeds of love,
That I can beat him, sirs, at that.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

'TIS said we venturous die-hards, when we
leave the shore,
Our friends should mourn,
Lest we return,
To bless their fight no more;
But this is all a notion,
Bold Jack can't understand—
Some die upon the ocean,
And some on land;
Then since 'tis clear,
Howe'er we steer,
No man's life's under his command—
Let tempests howl,
And billows roll,
And dangers press;
Of those in spight, there are some joys,
Us jolly tars to bless—
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Bess.

One seaman hands the sail, another heaves the
log,
The Purser swops
Our pay for slops,
The landlord sells us grog;

Thus each man to his station,
To keep Life's ship in trim—

What argues noration,
The rest is Fortune's whim ;

Cheerly my hearts,

Then play your parts,

Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim :

The mighty surge

May ruin urge,

And danger press ;

Of those in spight, there are some joys,

Us jolly tars to bless—

For Saturday night still comes, my boys,

To drink to Poll and Bess.

For all the world's just like the ropes aboard a
ship—

Each man's rigg'd out

A vessel stout,

To take for life a trip ;

The shrouds, and stays, and braces,

Are joys, and hopes, and fears ;

The halliards, sheets, and traces—

Still as each passion veers

And whim prevails,

Direct the sails,

As on the sea of life he steers :

Then let the storm,

Heaven's face deform,

And dangers press ;

Of those in spight, there are some joys,
 Us jolly tars to bless—
 For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
 To drink to Poll and Bess.

THE MANSION OF PEACE.

A Rose from her bosom has stray'd,
 I'll seek to replace it with art :
 But no—'twill her slumbers invade,
 I'll wear it (fond youth) next my heart.
 Alas ! silly rose, hadst thou known
 'Twas Daphne that gave thee thy place,
 Thou ne'er from thy station hadst flown—
 Her bosom's the mansion of peace.

FLOWER OF THE FOREST.

SEVERE the pangs of slighted love,
 Each hill and dale my plaint shall ring ;
 And as the woodland's wild I rove,
 Sweet Philomel shall hear me sing.
 Flower of the forest was my dear,
 Sweet as the vi'let in the vale ;
 Her vows of love were sweet to hear,
 But transient as the passing gale.
 Beneath the willow—by the brook
 I'll silent sit with folded arms,
 And on the heedless stream I'll look,
 While heaven reminds me of her charms.
 Flower of the forest, &c.

DATE OBOLUM BELLISARIO.

O Fortune how strangely thy gifts are awarded—
 How much to thy shame thy caprice is recorded;
 As the wife, great, and good, from thy frowns never
 'scape any—

Witness brave Bellifarius, who begg'd for a half-penny

CHORUS.

Date Obolum, date Obolum, date Obolum, Bellifario.

He whose fame from his valour and victories arose, fir,
 His country's protector, and scourge of his foes, fir;
 By his poor faithful dog blind and aged is led, fir,
 With one foot in the grave, thus to beg for his
 bread, fir.

Date Obolum, &c.

A young Roman knight in the street passing by, fir,
 The veteran survey'd with a heart-rending sigh, fir,
 And a purse in his helmet he dropp'd with a tear, fir,
 Whilst the soldier's sad tale thus attracted his ear, fir,

Date Obolum, &c.

I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for
 Rome, fir,
 I have crown'd her with laurels which for ages shall
 bloom, fir;
 I've enrich'd her with wealth, swell'd her pride and
 her pow'r, fir,
 I've espous'd her for life—and this is my dower, fir.

Date Obolum, &c.

Yet blood I ne'er wantonly wasted at random.
 Losing thousands their lives by a nil desperandum;
 And conquest obtain'd, I made both friend and foe
 know.

That my soul's only wish was, pro publico bono.

Date Obolum, &c.

If soldier, or statesman, whate'er rank or station,
 Hereafter shall meet this my sad strange relation;
 Depriv'd

Depriv'd of his sight, forc'd to grope out his way, fir,
 The bright beams of virtue will turn night to day, fir.
 Date Obolum, &c.

But wanting light, the dread contrast remark, fir,
 When he comes for to take the great leap in the dark, fir,
 He may wish, whilst his friends wring their hands
 round his bed, fir,
 He, like poor Bellisarius, had begg'd for his bread, fir.
 Date Obolum, &c.

Whilst I, poor, distress'd, and to darkness inur'd, fir,
 In this vile crust of clay, when no longer immur'd, fir,
 At Death's welcome stroke my bright course shall
 begin, fir,
 And enjoy endless light from the sunshine within, fir.
 Date Obolum, Date Obolum, Date Obolum, Bellisario

WHEN I BEGAN, SIR, TO OGLE THE LADIES.

WHEN first I began, fir, to ogle the ladies,
 And prattle soft nothing, as a pretty fellow's
 trade is ;
 Whilst with rapturous praises, I dwelt on every
 feature—
 If I stole a fly kiss, 'twas, fye you wicked creature :
 But soon in tunes lower, and softer, and sweeter,
 Half pleas'd they'd whisper fye, fye, you wicked
 creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed,
 Each evening new conquest to conquests succeeded ;
 Perplex'd how so many fond claims I could parry,
 To settle them all, I resolv'd, faith, to marry—
 And press'd lovely Laura in language still sweeter,
 Till blushing she whisper'd, I'm your's you wicked
 creature.

THE DYING INDIAN.

THE sun sets in night, and the stars shun
the day,

But glory remains when their lights fade away ;
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low :
Why so slow ? do ye wait till I shrink from
my pain,

No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your na-
tion away ;

Now the flame rises fast, ye exult in my pain,
But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son ;
Death comes as a friend, he relieves me from
pain,

And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to
complain.

THE FARMER.

ERE around the huge oak that o'er shadows
yon' mill,

The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine ;
Ere the church was a ruin that stands on the
hill,

Or a rook built his nest on the pine.

Could

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's
 estate,

Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsullied descended to me;
 For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd
 with shame,

And it still from a spot shall be free,

A SWEET GOLDFINCHES SONNET.

TO hear a sweet goldfinches sonnet,
 This morning I put on my bonnet,
 But scarce in the meadow, pies on it,
 When the captain appears in my view,
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,
 My heart beat a strange pit-a-pation,
 I blush'd like a pink or carnation,
 When says he, my dear, how do you do.

The dickins, thinks I, here has popp'd him,
 I thought to slip by, but I stopp'd him,
 So my very best courtsey I dropt in;

With an air—then he took off his hat,
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,
 He squeez'd my hand, how my heart panted!
 He ask'd for a kiss, and I granted,

And pray now, what harm was in that?

Says I, sir, for what do you take me?
 He swore a fine lady he'd make me,

No

No damn him! he'd never forsake me,
 And then on his knee he flopp'd down;
 His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so completely,
 He manag'd the the matter so neatly,
 I ne'er can be kiss'd by a clown.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I Sail'd from the downs in the Nancy,
 My jib how it smack'd through the breeze;
 She's a vessel as tight to my fancy,
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
 Then adieu to the white cliffs of Briton,
 Our girls, and our dear native shore,
 For if some hard rock we should split on,
 We shall never see them any more.

But sailors were born for all weathers,
 Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives, we must go.

When we enter'd the Gut of Gibraltar,
 I verily thought she'd have sunk;
 For the wind so began for to alter,
 She yaw'd, just as thof she was drunk.
 The squall tore the main sail to shivers,
 Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
 Brace the foresail athwart—see she quivers,
 As through the rough tempest she flies.
 But sailors, &c.

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The storm came on thicker and faster,
 As black just as pitch was the sky,
 When truly a doleful disaster

Befel three poor sailors and I :
 Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail,
 By a blast that came furious and hard,
 Just while we were furling the mainfail,
 Were every soul swept from the yard.

But sailors, &c.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick, cried peccavi,
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,
 While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
 Well what would you have, we were stranded,
 And out of a fine jolly crew,
 Of three hundred that sailed, never landed
 But I, and I think, twenty two.

But sailors, &c.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
 Another guess way sat the wind,
 For to England I came and got married
 To a lass that was comely and kind ;
 But whether for joy or vexation,
 We know not for what we were born,
 Perhaps I may find a kind station,
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.

But sailors, &c.

BONNY BET.

NO more I'll court the town-bred fair,
 Who shines in artificial beauty ;

For

For native charms without compare,
 Claim all my love, respect, and duty.
 Oh my bonny, bonny, Bet, sweet blossom,
 Was I a king, so proud to wear thee,
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,
 To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.

Yet ask me where these beauties lie,
 I cannot say in smile or dimple ;
 In blooming cheek or radiant eye,
 'Tis happy nature wild and simple.
 Oh my bonny Bet, &c.

Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
 And sigh in numbers trite and common ;
 Ye gods, one darling wish be mine,
 And all I ask is—lovely woman.
 Oh my bonny Bet, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
 Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing ;
 My heaven art thou, so take my soul,
 With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.
 Oh my bonny Bet, &c.

HENRY'S COTTAGE MAID.

AH! where can fly, my soul's true love,
 Sad I wander this lone grove,
 Sighs and tears for him I shed,
 Henry is from Laura fled:
 Thy love to me thou didst impart,
 Thy love soon won my virgin heart ;

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But, dearest Henry, thou'lt betray'd
Thy love—with thy poor Cottage maid.

Through the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears;
Oft thy image is my theme,
As I wander on the green:
See from my cheek the colour flies,
And love's sweet hope within me dies;
For oh, dear Henry, thou'lt betray'd
Thy love—with thy poor Cottage maid.

MA CHERE AMIE.

MA chere Amie, my charming fair,
Whose smiles can banish ev'ry care,
In kind compassion smile on me,
Whose only care is love of thee.

Ma chere Amie.

Under sweet Friendship's sacred Name,
My bosom caught the tender flame;
May Friendship in thy bosom be
Converted into love for me.

Ma chere Amie.

Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one;
Let pity soften thy decree,
I droop, dear maid, I die for thee.

Ma chere Amie.

JEM OF ABERDEEN.

THE tuneful lavrocks cheer the grove,
And sweetly smells the summer green:

Now

Now o'er the mead I love to rove,
 Wi bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
 Whene'er we sit beneath the broom,
 Or wander o'er the lea ;
 He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
 Always wooing me.

He's fresh and fair as flowers in May,
 The blitheft lad o'the green ;
 How sweet the time will pass away
 Wi bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
 Whene'er we sit, &c.

Wi joy I leave my father's cot,
 Wi ilka sport of glen or green :
 Well pleased to share the humble lot
 Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
 Whene'er we sit, &c.

I'D RATHER BE EXCUS'D.

RETURNING from the fair one eve,
 Acrofs yon verdant plain,
 Young Harry said he'd see me home,
 A tight, a comely swain ;
 He begg'd I would a fairing take,
 And would not be refus'd ;
 Then ask'd a kiss, I blush'd and cry'd,
 I'd rather be excus'd.

You're coy, said he, my pretty maid,
 I mean no harm, I swear ;
 Long time I have in secret sigh'd,
 For you, my charming fair ;

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For if my tenderness offend,
 And if my love's refus'd,
 I'll leave you—what, alone? cry'd I,
 I'd rather be excus'd.

He press'd my hand, and on we walk'd
 He warmly urg'd his suit;
 But still to all he said, I was
 Most obstinately mute.
 At length, got home, he angry cry'd,
 My fondness is abus'd;
 Then die a maid—indeed said I,
 I'd rather be excus'd.

THE HEAVY HOURS.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me;
 My longing eyes may hope at last
 Their only wish to see:
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long;
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue?
 Will you in ev'ry look declare,
 Your heart is still the same;
 And heal each idly anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame?
 Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
 When we shall shortly meet,
 And try what yet remains between
 Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But

But if the dream that soothes my mind,
Should false and groundless prove ;
If I am doom'd at length to find,
You have forgot to love :
All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join ;
But grant me here the flatt'ring blifs,
To die, and think you mine.

THE MATRIMONIAL RECEIPT.

COME lasses and list to my song,
A good matrimonial receipt ;
In chusing you'll never be wrong,
I'll mark you the lover complete.
For spite of your blushes, I know,
A lover is never amiss ;
The lass that's most apt to say No,
Is sometimes inclin'd to say Yes.
If fond of red coat and cockade,
I pray let this hint be enough ;
A man that makes fighting his trade,
Thinks he ne'er can have fighting enough.
The coxcomb's all tinsel and show,
The rake is a stranger to blifs,
Be sure still to answer them No,
However inclin'd to say Yes.
Your wits are more noisy than great,
Avoid all these knowing ones, pray ;
Your fools are too fond of their prate,
Tho' in fact they have nothing to say.

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But the lad who is honest and kind,
 Who in constancy places his bliss;
 When he asks, if to love your inclin'd,
 Be honest enough to say Yes.

NO INDEED NOT I.

ONE summer's eve, when Luna's beam
 Illumin'd hill and dale,
 And gaily wanton'd on the stream
 With zephyr's gentle gale;
 What all alone, my pretty maid?
 Cry'd Colin, passing by,
 Take company; I flouting said,
 Indeed, sir, no, not I,

O! let me, said the smiling swain,
 Conduct you thro' the grove;
 And then in fond and moving strain,
 Renew'd his tale of love.
 He begg'd I'd name the happy day,
 And hop'd the same was nigh,
 Says I, ha' done—I cannot stay,
 Indeed, says he—nor I.

We parted, but the testy youth,
 In female arts untaught,
 Mistook my meaning; for, in truth,
 I meant not as he thought.
 Then threw me oft in Colin's way,
 And smil'd when he came nigh,
 Again he woo'd, could I say nay;
 Why no, indeed, not I.

THE

THE FORECASTLE SAILOR.

THE wind blew a blast from the northward,
When we steer'd from the Cape of Good
Hope;

The skies look'd quite pitchy and wayward,
And the sea o'er our weather-way broke;
The boatswain pip'd all hands to bail her,
And I came down the back-stay so glib,
For I am a Forecastle Sailor,
You may see by the cut of my jib.

"Start my timbers,"—cries Ned Junk, of
Dover,

Plump to me, as I landed on deck,

"With us it will soon be all over,

"For the Guardian must quick go to wreck:"

"Well, well, we shan't live to bewail her,"

Cried I,—and I patted his rib,—

"Come, work like a Forecastle Sailor,

"An' I don't, the gale shiver my jib."

We were running at nine knots an hour,

When 'bout two leagues to leeward we spied,

An island of ice like a tower,

And on it our ship swiftly hied:

But now 'twas no use for to bail her,

The water gain'd on us so glib,

So each, like a true-hearted sailor,

Waited fate for to shiver his jib.

Some took to the boat, do ye mind me,

Other some on the vessel's deck stood;

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Cried I, "may Old Davy Jones take me,
 "If I sail from my Captain so good."
 Now Providence help'd us to bail her,
 And we manag'd to patch up her rib;
 Safe arriv'd is each true-hearted sailor,
 To rig up his weather-beat jib.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

YOUNG Lubin was as blithe a lad
 As ever trod the daisy'd plain,
 Each blooming virgin's heart was glad,
 Whene'er he tun'd his sylvan strain—
 Ah! when, he cried, will Kate comply,
 And make her lover truly blest?
 You've promis'd long—O yes, said I,
 'Tis true—but second thoughts are best.

Now Lubin was a sightly swain,
 Well form'd to win a maiden's mind,
 And all the lasses of the plain
 Did vie to make the shepherd kind:
 But, vain of conquest, female pride
 Looks lightly on the prize possess;
 So when he woo'd, I still reply'd,
 No Lubin—second thoughts are best.

I found my vain coquetish art
 Eclips'd the hope of future joy;
 For, O! it stung me to the heart;
 To see him with my rivals toy:
 I therefore, blushing, smil'd consent,
 And yielding to his fond request,

Well

Well pleas'd, to church with Lubin went,
Convinc'd that—second thoughts are best.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

WITH the sun I rise at morn,
Haste my flocks into the mead,
By the fields of yellow corn,
There my gentle lambs I feed;
Ever sportive, ever gay,
While the merry pipe I play.

Mira oft too, joins the strain,
Calls the wand'rer to its mate;
Her sweet voice can sooth each pain,
And make the troubled heart elate;
Ever cheerful, ever gay,
While the merry pipe I play.

When from Winter's rugged arms,
Fleeting zephyrs leave the grove,
Mira cheers me with her charms,
And each song is tun'd to love;
Ever happy, ever gay,
On the merry pipe I play.

'Tho' no splendor deck my cot,
With my fair I live content,
May it be my happy lot,
Thus to love, and ne'er relent;
At each dawn and setting day,
On the merry pipe I play.

TO WAR AND ARMS I FLY.

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And, with a stronger faith, embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love you, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

THERE was a miller's daughter
Liv'd in a certain village,
Who made a mighty slaughter :—
For I'd have to know, both friend and foe,
The clown and the beau, she always laid low ;
And her portion, as I understand,
Was three acres of land,
Besides a mill, that never stood still,
Some sheep and a cow, a harrow and plough,
And other things for tillage :
What d'ye think of my miller's daughter ?
This miller's pretty daughter
Was a damsel of such fame, sir,
That knights and 'squires sought her ;

E But

But they soon were told that some were too bold,
And some too cold, and some too old:

And she gave them to understand,

That, though they were grand,

She'd never be sold:

For says Betty, says she, "since my virtue to me

"Is dearer than gold,

"Let 'em go from whence they came, sir."

What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

But when this miller's daughter

Saw Ned, the morrice-dancer,

His person quickly caught her;

For who so clean, upon the green,

As Ned was seen, for her is queen:—

Then blithe as a king, his bells he'd ring,

And dance, and sing, like any thing:—

Says he, "My life, woot he my wife?"

A blush, and yes, was Betty's answer.

What d'ye think of my miller's daughter?

SWEET ROBINETTE.

SWEET, sweet Robinette, all the shepherds
declare,

They never yet saw so engaging a fair:

The swains all admire her, no mortal as yet

Has e'er seen a girl like my sweet Robinette.

Her eyes they would melt you, her cheeks they
disclose

The beautiful tint of the pale-blushing rose;

The nymphs, full of envy, do nothing but fret,

To see all the swains sigh for sweet Robinette.

All nature seems pleas'd as she trips it along,
Her smiles make the lark swell his rapturous
song;

The shepherds their cares and their labours
forget,

To gaze on the charms of my sweet Robinette.

So gentle her manners, they soften the sage,
She's the May-day of youth, and the summer
of age;

I love her, adore her—I'll venture to bet,
You ne'er saw a girl like my sweet Robinette.

CELEBRATED AIR, sung by Mrs. CROUCH, in the
HAUNTED TOWER.

ATTUNE the pipe, attune the gladsome lay,

A kiss from Laura shall thy music pay;
Let other swains to praise or fame aspire,
Thou from her lips the sweet reward require.
Accept my hand, and could I add beside,
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide,
On thee alone their glitt'ring pride should shine,
And I alone, a constant maid, be thine.

AIR. SIGNORA STORACE. In the same.

WHITHER, my love, ah! whither art thou
gone!

Let not thy absence cloud this happy dawn,
Say, by thy heart can falsehood e'er be known?
Ah! no, no, I judge it by my own.
The heart he gave with so much care,
Which treasur'd in my breast I wear,

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Still

Still for its master beats alone,
I'm sure the selfish thing's his own.

AIR, by Mr. KELLY, in the same.

FROM Hope's fond dream though reason wake,
In vain the points with warning hand;
I dread advice I cannot take,
Love's powerful spells my steps command.
The bird thus fascination binds,
When darting from the serpent's eyes,
The fatal charm too late he finds,
He struggles, and, admiring dies.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

A Plague of those musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink;
A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
Would have set them for pleasure agog,
And 'spite of the rules
Of the schools, the old fools
Would all of 'em swigg'd it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.
My father, when last I from Guinea
Return'd with abundance of wealth,
Cry'd, " Jack never be such a ninny
"To drink"—says I, " father your health."
So I shew'd him the stuff—and he twigg'd it,
And

And it set the old codger agog ;
 And he swigg'd, and mother,
 And sifter, and brother,

And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I curiously flunk,

And while he our duty was teaching,
 As how we should never get drunk,

I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
 Which soon set his rev'rence agog ;

And he swigg'd and Nick swigg'd,
 And Ben swigg'd and Dick swigg'd,

And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me there's nothing like drinking

So pleasant on this side the grave ;

It keeps the unhappy from thinking,

And makes e'en more valiant the brave.

As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,

The good stuff has so set me agog ;

Sick or well, late or early,

Wind foully or fairly,

Helm a-lee or a-weather,

For hours together,

I've constantly swigg'd it,

And damm'e, there's nothing like grog.

THE INVITATION.

AWAY, and join the rendezvous,
 Good fellowship reigns here ;

Joy's standard flying in your view,
T' invite each volunteer.

Hark ! Pleasure's drum cries come, come,
come,

Obeys the kind salute ;
The echoing hall resounds the call,
To welcome each recruit.

Behold the dinner in array,
A column it appears ;
While pyramids of whips display
A corps of grenadiers.

Hark ! Pleasure's drum, &c.

See rivers not of blood pour'd out,
But nectar clear and strong ;
Young Ganimede's become a scout,
Hebe an aid-de-camp.

Hark ! Pleasure's drum, &c.

Mow down the ranks—see, see, they fly,
Attack them glass in hand :
Close quarters, rally, fight, or die,
'Tis Bacchus gives command.

Hark ! Pleasure's drum, &c.

THE ROYAL TAR.

B RITONS arise, behold your prize,
The glory of the main ;
See courage beaming from his eyes,
Bold, gen'rous, and humane.

His

His heart no sordid passions know,
Or tastes of abject fear;
But balming pity current flow,
The wanting wretch to cheer.

Resound, resound, his glory far,
Nor let your praises stand;
For nought can check the British tar,
When William gives command.

In vain let busy foes invade—
Secure, come drink and sing;
For Britain's glory ne'er can fade,
With such a son and king.

A NEW COMIC SONG.

I am a little Jew boy, that stroll about the street.
I'll shew to you an honest face, but yet I
love to sheat.

To be shure I do, &c.

Vid my box at my back, and my spectacles in
case,
I'll sheat you of your monies, and stare you in
the fashe.

To be shure I vill, &c.

Buy my buttons and buckles, they're very sheap
and good,
But cent per cent's the interest by Israel un-
derstood.

To be shure it is, &c.

I have rollers for your hair, and pomatums sho
nice,

'Tis very good, and very fine, and very low
de price.

To be shure it is, &c.

I'fh of the tribe of Levi, who thinks it not a shin
To sheat you cent per cent, and take the
Christians in.

To be shure we dont, &c.

Come, shet us down to tables, and give us knife
and fork,

If you vill call it muttuns, why den ve'll eat
your pork.

To be shure we vill, &c.

WHEN THE FANCY STIRRING BOWL,

WHEN the fancy stirring bowl
Wakes its world of pleasure,

Glowing visions gild my soul,

And life's an endless treasure.

Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,

Fresh with gay desires;

Rays divine my senses dart,

And kindling Hope inspires.

Then who'd be grave,

When wine can save

The heavieft soul from sinking ;

And magic grapes

Give angel shapes

To every girl we're drinking.

Here

Here sweet Benignity and Love
 Shed their influence round me,
 Gather'd ills of life remove,
 And leave me as they found me.
 Tho' my head may swim, yet true
 Still to Nature's feeling;
 Peace and Beauty swim there too,
 And rock me as I'm reeling.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

On Youth's soft pillow tender Truth
 Her pensive lesson taught me;
 Age soon mock'd the dream of Youth,
 And Wisdom wak'd and caught me.
 A bargain then with Love I knock'd
 To hold the pleasing gipsy,
 When wise to keep my bottom lock'd,
 But turn the key when tipsy.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

When Time assuag'd my heated heart,
 The grey-beard blind and simple,
 Forgot to cool one little part
 Just flush'd by Lucy's dimple.
 That part's enough of Beauty's type
 To warm an honest fellow;
 And though it touch me not when ripe,
 It melts still when I'm mellow.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

Life's a voyage, we all declare,
 With scarce a port to hide in;

It may be so to Pride or Care,
 That's not a sea I ride in :
 Here floats my soul till Fancy's eye,
 Her realms of bliss discover,
 Bright worlds that fair in prospect lie,
 To him that's half seas over.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

CHLORIS.

CHLORIS, I cannot say your eyes
 Did my unwary heart surprise ;
 Nor will I swear it was your face,
 Your shape, or any nameless grace,
 For you are so entirely fair,
 To love a part injustice were.

No drowning man can tell which drop
 Of water his last breath did stop ;
 So when the stars in heaven appear,
 And join to make the night more clear ;
 The light we no one's bounty call,
 But the obliging gift of all.

A FAVORITE NEW SONG.

TIME, thou softener of each grief,
 Aid me with thy friendly balm ;
 To my sorrows bring relief,
 And my heart-felt anguish calm.
 Tho' the swelling surge oft rages,
 And deforms the wat'ry plain ;
 Time, at length, its force assuages,
 And the waves grow smooth again.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

WHEN first I was inlisted,
 I was both young and gay,
 Each lass I met I kiss'd her,
 And tippl'd time away :
 I learn'd my exercise, fir,
 And then was sent to fight ;
 And now a little wiser,
 Tho' in this hapless plight.

I went into the battle,
 Where thundering cannons roar ;
 O ! such a horrid rattle
 I never heard before ;
 One bullet took a peeper,
 Thank God that one is left ;
 And yet I do not weep, fir,
 Tho' of one leg bereft.

At Chelsea now the pension
 Gives comfort to my life ;
 And round the quart I mention
 My former deadly strife :
 Brown Bess I often shoulder,
 Forget my former pain,
 And fight, to each beholder,
 My battles o'er again.

I spend my money freely,
 With pleasure drink and sing ;
 Whatever Fate may deal me,
 God bless the Queen and King :

If foes again assail, then
 To garrison I'll go,
 Brown Befs will never fail, when
 Attacking of the foe.

THIS, THIS, MY LAD'S A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

THIS, this, my lad's a soldier's life—
 He marches to the sprightly fife,
 And in each town to some new wife,
 Swears he'll be ever true.

He's here, he's there, where is he not?
 Variety's his envied lot;
 He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot,
 And follows the loud tattoo.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
 The tears of fond domestic woes
 He kisses off, and boldly goes
 To earn of fame his due.

Religion, liberty, and laws,
 Both his are, and his country's cause;
 For these thro' dangers, without pause,
 He follows the loud tattoo.

And if at last in Honour's wars
 He earns his share of Danger's scars,
 Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars
 He's no worse fate to rue.

At Chelsea free from toil and pain,
 He wields his crutch, points out the slain—
 And in fond fancy once again
 Follows the loud tattoo.

CHURCH AND KING.

WHILE o'er the bleeding corpse of France,
Wild Anarchy exulting stands,
And female fiends around her dance,
With fatal *lamp cords* in their hands.

CHORUS.—We Britons still united sing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

Poor France! whom blessings cannot bless,
By too much liberty undone;

Defect is better than *excess*—

For having *all* is having *none*.

CHORUS.—Let Britons then united sing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

True Freedom is a temp'rate treat,
Not savage mirth, nor frantic noise;
'Tis the brisk pulses vital heat,
And not a fever that destroys.

CHORUS.—Let Britons then united sing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

The Gallic lillies droop and die,
Profan'd by many a *patriot knave*;
Her clubs command, her nobles fly,
Her Church a martyr—King a slave.

CHORUS.—While Britons still united sing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

While pillow'd on his people's breast,
Our Sovereign sleeps secure, serene;

Unhappy

Unhappy Louis knows no rest,
But mourns his more unhappy Queen.

CHORUS.—Let Britons then united sing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

He finds his *Palace a Bastile*,
Amidst the shouts of liberty ;
Doom'd every heart-felt pang to feel,
For merely striving to be free.

CHORUS.—Let Britons then united sing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

Go, democratic demons, go !
In France your horrid banquet keep !
Feast on degraded *Prelates'* woe,
And drink the tears that *Monarchs* weep !

CHORUS.—While Britons still united sing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

Our Church is built on Truth's firm rock,
And mocks each sacrilegious hand ;
In spite of each *electric shock*,
The heav'n-defended steeples stand.

CHORUS.—While Britons true, united sing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

Old British sense, and British fire,
Shall guard that freedom we possess ;
Priestley may write, and *Paine* conspire,
We wish no more, and fear no less.

CHORUS.—While Britons still united sing,
Old England's glory, Church and King.

THE MILKMAID.

SWEET ditties would my Patty sing,
 Old Chevy Chase, God save the King,
 Fair Rosemy, and Sawny Scot,
 Lilebularo, the Irish Trot—
 All these would sing my blue-ey'd Patty,
 As with her pail she'd trudge along,
 While still the burden of her song
 My hammer beat to blue-ey'd Patty.

But nipping frosts and chilling rain,
 Too soon, alas! chok'd every strain;
 Too soon, alas! the miry way
 Her wet-shod feet did sore dismay,
 And hoarse was heard my blue-ey'd Patty:
 While I for very mad did cry;
 Ah could I but again, said I,
 Hear the sweet voice of blue-ey'd Patty!

Love taught me how—I work'd, I sung,
 My anvil glow'd, my hammer rung,
 Till I had form'd from out the fire,
 To bear her feet above the mire,
 An engine for my blue-ey'd Patty.
 Again was heard each tuneful close,
 My fair one on the patten rose,
 Which takes its name from blue-ey'd Patty.

WILLIAM AND FANNY.

THO' tofs'd amid the ocean's bed,
 My faithful William be,
 Still as he 'scapes the stormy dread,
 Each thought shall bend to me:

This little knot my bosom bears,
While quivering in the wind;
Still the rude blast my William shares,
Yet still his heart's behind.

While gentle breezes fill the sail,
And to his cot he hies;
His Fanny she shall still prevail,
And thus methinks he sighs—
Can absence separate one mind?
Can constancy e'er fail?—
He rises, leaves a tear behind,
And tends the swelling sail.

LOVE'S A MYSTERY.

I Prithee give me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should you have mine?
Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To take it wou'd be vain;
For there's a thief in that sweet eye,
Will steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh! Love where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?
But Love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

THE CONSTANT SHEPHERD.

THE night was still, the air serene,
 Fann'd by a southern breeze ;
 The glimm'ring moon might just be seen,
 Reflecting through the trees :
 The bubbling water's constant course,
 From off th' adjacent hill,
 Was mournful Echo's last resource,
 All nature was so still.

The constant shepherd sought this shade,
 By sorrow sore oppress'd,
 Close by a fountain's margin laid,
 His pain he thus express'd :
 Ah wretched youth ! why didst thou love,
 Or hope to meet success ;
 Or think the fair would constant prove,
 Thy blooming hopes to bless ?

Find me the rose on barren sands,
 The lilly midst the rocks,
 The grape in wild deserted lands,
 A wolf to guard the flocks ;
 Those you, alas ! will sooner gain,
 And will more easy find,
 Than meet with ought but cold disdain,
 In faithless womankind.

THE RESOLUTION.

MY days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little birds that fly

With

With careless ease from tree,
 Were scarce so blest as I :
 Ask gliding waters, if a tear
 Of mine increas'd the stream ?
 Or ask the passing gales, if e'er
 I lent a sigh to them ?

But now my former days retire,
 And I'm by Beauty caught ;
 The tender chains of soft desire
 Are fix'd upon my thought :
 And eager Hope within my breast
 Does every doubt control ;
 And lovely Nancy stands confess'd
 The fav'rite of my soul.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines,
 Ye swains that haunt the grove ;
 Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds,
 Ye close retreats of love ;
 With all of nature, all of art,
 Assist the dear design,
 And make a young unpractis'd heart
 To be for ever mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
 As much as of despair ;
 And hardly covet to be great,
 Unless it were for her :
 'Tis true, the passion in my mind
 Is mixt with soft distress,
 Yet, while the fair I love is kind,
 I cannot wish it less.

But

But if she treats me with disdain,
 Or slights my well-meant love ;
 Or looks with pleasure on my pain,
 A pain she won't remove :
 Farewel ye birds and lonely pines,
 Adieu to tears and sighs ;
 I'll leave my passion to the winds—
 Love unreturn'd soon dies.

THE EARTHEN JUG.

OUR trade to work in clay began
 Ere the first man was made,
 For out of clay was made this man,
 And thus began our trade ;
 Then friends put round the foaming mug,
 And take it with good-will,
 Since man is but an earthen jug,
 This jug then let us fill.
 For how can he, ye wise ones say,
 Return to dust, who whets his clay.

In this the jemmy Cheapside buck
 May take his orange thrub ;
 Or Fleet-street miss, at Dog-and-Duck,
 May quaff her fillabub ;
 Or jovial Jack, that jolly dog,
 May treat his rosy wench,
 And over this, when fill'd with grog,
 Sing how he bang'd the French.
 And how can he, &c.

See

See here a noble christ'ning bowl,
 But fill it to the brim,
 So large the baby, pretty soul,
 May like young Indian swim :
 The Covent-Garden swell at Jupps,
 In this may take his go ;
 For Ashley's punch-house here are cups,
 Pro bono publico.

And how can he, &c.

The spacious bowl receives a crash,
 And falls to china taws ;
 The toping tradesman gets a crash,
 While whitewash fills his flaws :
 Ye fair who leave fair Virtue's track,
 And wish it to regain,
 If once the cup should get a crack,
 Ye patch and paint in vain.

And how can he, &c.

And why abroad our money fling,
 To please our fickle fair ;
 No more from China china bring,
 Here's English china ware.
 Then friends put round the foaming mug,
 And take it with good-will,
 Since man is but an earthen jug,
 This jug then let us fill.

Then how can he, &c.

BE MERRY TO-DAY.

COME follow my lords and ladies gay,
 Come on the greensward foot it away ;

For as life is too short, 'tis if dull, too long,
So while I can warble, this be my song :

Dance, sing, and play, foot it away,
Tho' grave to-morrow, be merry to-day.

Coquets with a rattle, play of the fan,
At this, that, and t'other, and every man ;
If you stumble and stare, and giggle and blink,
To one only tip the significant wink.

Dance, sing, and play, &c.

Come hither, sweet prude, with a leering eye,
From its downcast lid give your tongue the lie ;
Nor from your gravity need you depart,
Tho' the squeeze of a hand shou'd melt your heart.

Dance, sing, and play, &c.

Ye china beaux so brittle and bright,
In a grin shew good-humour and teeth so white ;
And dangling captains, polite and brave,
With a damm'e ma'am, your humble slave.

Dance, sing, and play, &c.

Sung by Mrs. BLAND, in the SURRENDER OF CALAIS.

LITTLE thinks the townman's wife,
While at home she tarries,
What must be the lass's life,
Who a soldier marries.

Now with weary marching spent,
Dancing now before the tent—
Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
With her jolly soldier.

In the camp at night she lies,
 Wind and weather scorning;
 Only griev'd her love must rise,
 And quit her in the morning:
 But, the doubtful skirmish done,
 Blithe she sings at set of sun,
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 With her jolly soldier.

Shou'd the captain of her dear
 Use his vain endeavour
 (Whisp'ring nonsense in her ear),
 Two fond hearts to sever;
 At his passion she will scoff,
 Laughing thus, she'll put him off,
 Lira, lira, lira, lira, lira, la,
 For her jolly soldier.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTON, in the same.

WHEN I was at home I was merry and frisky,
 My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold
 whisky;
 My uncle was rich, but would never be asy,
 Till I was inlisted by Corporal Casey.
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
 My dear little Shelah, I thought wou'd run
 crazy,
 When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey!
 I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking
 On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking;
 But

But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!
The devil go with him! I ne'er could be azy,
He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey!

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly
That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me
rarely;

And who should the first be that dropt? Why,
an't please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey;
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,
Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be azy,
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

TELL ME, MY HEART, IF THIS BE LOVE.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I wou'd approach, but dare not move—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
That instant enemy I prove—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When

When she be absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shady grove—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When arm'd with insolent disdain,
She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain;
I strove to hate, but vainly strove—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

FAITH, I MUST LEAVE OFF TRADE,

A Pretty damsel's eyes I vow,
Do with me what they will;
I look, I feel, I can't tell how,
And quite forget my bill.
Tho' from my work I never cease,
Yet 'tis so little paid,
That, should my custom thus increase,
Faith, I must leave off trade.
Fal lal de lal,
Faith, I must leave off trade.

Then boots I make to fit so pat,
For many a jovial soul;
So I drink with this—and drink with that,
But seldom touch the cole,
Tho' from my work, &c.

I THOUGHT IT WAS QUEER.

AS I lean'd o'er a gate one midsummer eve,
When the sky in the brook look'd so clear;
Young

Young Robin came slyly and tugg'd at my sleeve,
 And I could not help thinking it queer:
 He patted my cheek and he play'd with my hand,
 And he gave such a whimsical leer,
 Then talk'd about things I could scarce under-
 stand,

That I could not help thinking him queer.

Now all on a sudden he let his thoughts loose,
 And he ask'd if to church I would steer?
 I thought him a whimsical and mad-headed goose
 For his talking of matters so queer:
 I meant to have chid him for what he had said,
 When he whisper'd so soft in my ear,
 That if I had hurt him my heart would have bled,
 For my heart it felt somehow so queer.

How long have you lov'd me, pray Robin? said I,
 When he answer'd, "a calendar year;"
 I then was resolv'd with his suit to comply,
 Altho' it seem'd hasty and queer;
 Folks thought it so odd that an hour, or so,
 Should have made me so ready appear:
 But many a lass who have answer'd with no,
 Have died, old maidens, so queer.

BRITONS BE VALIANT.

HARK! hear the trumpet of war,
 How lively, how chearful its strain,
 It calls Briton's sons from afar,
 To fight the Armadas of Spain:

F

It

It sounds sweet revenge in our ears,
 To make them smart well for their brag,
 Which to do we will pay 'em arrears,
 And wipe off the stain from our flag;
 Then Britons be valiant, your courage display,
 And add to old England another proud day.

How foolish and weak their decrees,
 How vain and pretended their hope,
 To think themselves lords of the seas,
 Because they've a Bull from the Pope;
 But Britons at this make a jest,
 And ne'er will subscribe to this notion,
 For they know that those who fight best
 Can only be lords of the ocean.

Then Britons, &c.

Our fleets then in readiness wait,
 In hopes of performing their vow,
 And no one can doubt of Spain's fate,
 Since we are commanded by Howe;
 His sailors are warm with desire,
 Their courage and strength to evince,
 To conquer, they're taught to aspire,
 Which lesson they have from their Prince.

Then Britons, &c.

'TIS ARCHERY.

'TIS archery alone I sing,
 An art so worthy of a king,
 Nay of the gods, for Cupid's darts,
 Are ever piercing mortals hearts.

And

And see Apollo draws his bow,
And lays the monster Python low;
As bowmen let us make our aim,
So sure as to secure our fame;
And as we oft shoot in the dark,
Happy's the man that hits the mark.

THE KNITTING GIRL.

HARK! Phillis hark! through yonder grove,
Responsive nature sings,
Love seeks the deep embower'd alcove,
And lends swift Fancy wings.
Phillis heard, but Phillis sat
Silent knitting at her cottage gate.

Enthron'd he's seated in thine eye,
Where he though blind can see
Himself reflected in each sigh,
He bids me breathe for thee.

Phillis heard, &c.

Lo! towards the bower he beckons now,
Oh! rise and come away!
From ill toward thee is his vow
To guard and not to betray.
Phillis heard but Phillis sat
No longer knitting at her cottage gate.

SMILING NAN.

WHAT should sailors do on shore?
Kiss the girls and toss the can;
When the cannons cease to roar,
Sweet's the voice of smiling Nan.

Bring me first a spacious bowl,
 Deeper than a plummet found;
 Give me next a gen'rous soul,
 That in loving knows no bound,
 Flowing ever let it be,
 If the tide good liquor prove;
 Thus, my hearts, let's keep the sea,
 Sailing with the girl we love.

Nancy, be my true-love's name,
 And to compliment my dear,
 Bonny ship secure thy fame,
 Thou the darling title bear.
 To guard and bless my fav'rite realm,
 Smiling thus old Neptune spoke,
 " I place my William at the helm,
 Royal Will is heart of oak."
 Whether moor'd or on a cruise,
 Sailor still in peace or war:—
 Poise the linstock, brim the booze,
 Sing, long live the royal tar.

What should sailors, &c.

A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

NO sport to the chase can compare,
 So manly the pleasure it yields;
 How sweet, how refreshing the air,
 In hal'd in the woods and the fields.
 As we rush in pursuit, new scenes still appear,
 New landscapes encounter the eye;
 Not Handel's sweet music, more pleases the ear,
 Than that of the hounds in full cry.

New

New strength from the chase we derive,
 It's exercise purges the blood;
 How happy that mortal must live,
 Whose sport yields both physic and food;
 So new and so varied, it charms they ne'er cloy,
 Like those of the bottle and face;
 The oftener, the harder, the more we enjoy,
 The more we're in love with the chase.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

OF all sensations pity brings,
 To proudly swell the ample heart,
 From which the willing furrow springs,
 In other's grief that bears a part.
 Of all sad sympathy's delight,
 The manly dignity of grief,
 A joy in mourning that excites,
 And gives the anxious mind relief.
 Of these would you the feeling know,
 Most generous, noble, greatly brave,
 That ever taught a heart to glow,
 'Tis the tear that bedews the soldier's grave.
 For hard and painful is his lot,
 Let dangers come, he braves them all;
 Valiant, perhaps to be forgot,
 Or undistinguish'd, doom'd to fall.
 Yet wrapp'd in conscious worth secure,
 The world that now forgets his toils,
 He views from a retreat obscure,
 And quits it with a willing smile.

Then traveller one kind drop bestow,
 'Twere grateful pity, nobly brave;
 Nought ever bid the heart to glow,
 Like the tear that bedews a soldier's grave.

A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

THE sable-clad curtain's undrawn,
 The lark carols sweetly on high;
 Quickly opens the eye of the morn,
 See the sun-beams are gilding the sky:
 The huntsman he throws off the hounds,
 The horn winds a tedious delay;
 And the heart of each sportsman elated rebounds,
 In expecting the summons for hark, hark,
 away.

Hark! a burst gives the signal for chase,
 Thro' woodlands we dashing pursue;
 While the fox, fleet as wind, mends his pace,
 'Till the huntsman proclaims him in view.
 Now his strength and his cunning a mort,
 See the dogs seize in triumph their prey,
 While the death of the game, gives fresh light
 to the sport,
 The echoes re-echo with hark, hark away.

Now for Liberty-hall we repair,
 To replenish the joys of the field,
 Where good-humour combines with the fair,
 And the wife smiles obedience to yield:
 While

While the bottle and bowl both unite,
 To vie with the sports of the day;
 Let bumpers go round to the sportsman's
 delight,
 And all join in the chorus of hark, hark,
 away.

A FAVOURITE NEW HUNTING SONG.

AS bright as the morning, the sons of the
 chase,

As early as Sol in the morning were rising;
 Joy danc'd in each heart, and health bloom'd
 in each face,

Alike ev'ry fear, and each danger despising.

Then hail to the morn,

With hounds, and with horn,

While pleasure around does each prospect
 adorn;

Through woodland and valley with speed they
 incline, [divine.

And the sports of the chase each proclaims is

Now rous'd from his den, see fly Reynard's
 in view,

And watchful he over the meadow is flying;

As swiftly the hounds and the huntsmen pursue,

Alike all his speed, and his cunning defying;

He now takes to the wood,

Now passes the flood,

Yet as eager the chase by the dogs is renew'd,

Thro' woodland, or valley, with speed they
incline,
While the sports of the chase each proclaims is
divine

Tho' he brushes to cover, and hides for a while,
Yet soon the staunch beagles will certainly
find him;

Such a pack all his cunning can never beguile,
He quickly is trac'd by the scent left behind
him.

They seize on their prey,
While the horns sound—away;
And pleasures reward the fatigue of the day.
To sing o'er the bowl they all cheerful incline,
That the joys of the sportsman are nearly divine.

THE TRIUMPH OF WINE.

WHAT though from Venus Cupid sprung,
No attribute divine,
Whate'er the bawling bards have sung,
Had he his bow, till Bacchus strung,
And dipp'd his darts in wine?
Till old Silenus plung'd the boy,
In nectar from the vine,
Then love that was before a toy,
Became the source of mortal joy,
The urchin shook his dewy wings,
And careless levell'd clowns and kings,
Such power has mighty wine.

When

When Theseus on the naked shore,
 Fair Ariadne left,
 D'ye think she did her fate deplore,
 Or her fine locks or bosom tore,
 Like one of hope bereft;
 Not she indeed, her fleeting Love
 From mortal turns divine;
 And as gay Bacchus, tygers move,
 His car ascends amidst a grove
 Of vines, surrounded by a throng,
 Who lead the jolly pair along,
 Almost half gone with wine.

Ma'am Helen loved the Phrygian boy,
 He thought her all his own,
 But hottest love will soonest cloy,
 He ne'er had brought her safe to troy
 But for the wife of Thone;
 She, merry gossip, mix'd a cup
 Of tippie right divine,
 To keep Love's flagging spirits up,
 And Helen drank it every sup;
 This liquor is, 'mongst learned elves,
 Nepenthe call'd, but 'twixt ourselves
 'Twas nothing more than wine.

Of Lethe and its flowery brink,
 Let musty poets prate,
 Where thirsty souls are said to drink,
 That never they again may think,
 Upon their former fate;

What is there in this fouless lot,
 I pray you, so divine,
 Grief finds the palace and the cot,
 Which for a time were well forgot;
 Come here then in our Lethe share,
 The true oblivion of your care,
 Is only found in wine.

KATE.

'TWAS near a sea-beat rock reclin'd
 The beauteous lovelorn Kate;
 She had no friend to sooth her mind,
 But mourn'd her hapless fate.

Her only love was out at sea,
 Far from his native shore;
 In tears she wept her sorrows free,
 Lest he return no more.

Thus would she sigh the live-long day,
 For dangers he may prove;
 While sorrow mark'd her lonely way,
 With firm unshaken love.

Tho' Hope oft bade her cares to cease,
 And check'd the falling tear;
 Yet, ah! in vain the hours of peace
 Appear'd no longer near.

So droops the primrose in the vale,
 So fades the new-blown rose;
 When tempests and rude winds assail,
 Their sweets no more disclose.

Then

Then farewell, Kate, let pity cheer
 And sooth thee with address;
 So may each future day appear
 One scene of happiness.

LOVE IS NOT A JEST.

AS yet a virgin in my teens,
 I listen to each youth;
 And heard them in sequester'd scenes
 Declare their love and truth:
 I smil'd alike at every tale,
 As then I do protest,
 I thought none ever could prevail—
 That love was all a jest.

Free as the birds who gaily sing,
 I pass'd each coming day;
 Like them, was ever on the wing,
 And careless tun'd my lay:
 Alas! too soon I find 'tis plain,
 I feel it in my breast;
 Defying Cupid is in vain,
 That love is not a jest.

Young Colin with a charming air,
 For tenderness and wit,
 Has won my heart, I do declare,
 The pointed shaft has hit:
 If he should ask, I'll give my hand,
 I will, I do protest;
 Each rapture then will round expand,
 For love is not a jest.

SEE THE DAWN HOW IT RISES.

SEE the dawn how it rises in golden array,
While the horn sounds the summons to join
in the chase;

Hark! the dogs with the voices now welcome
the day,

When for sport and true concord we hunters
embrace.

The hounds are abroad, see the breaking of day,
From the cover unkennel the fox;

Attend to the cry, hark away, hark away,
We'll bound over mountains and rocks.

While we sweep o'er the dale, or the mountain
ascend,

Or thro' rapid rivers our steeds boldly guide;
No danger we fear that can hunting attend,
For courage was ne'er to a sportsman deny'd.

The hounds are abroad, &c.

Then leave for a while the soft arms of your fair;
See Aurora, to tempt you, has nature
display'd;

The sports of Diana, the morning must share,
Then to friendship and love, let due tribute
be paid.

The hounds are abroad, &c.

'T WAS GLORIOUS SPORT.

GIVE round the word dismount, dismount,
While echoed by the sprightly horn;

The

he toils and pleasures we recount,
Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.

CHORUS.

'Twas glorious sport, none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand,
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Actæon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chase.

And we had hunted, &c.

The hounds were out, and snuff'd the air,
And scarce had reach'd th' appointed spot,
But pleas'd they heard a layer, a layer!
And presently drew on the slot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets,
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl,
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace,
And while ware-haunch the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face,
He pants, he struggles, and he dies.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

THE VILLAGERS.

DRIFTED snow no more is seen,
Blust'ring winter passes by;

Merry

Merry spring comes clad in green,
While woodlarks pour their melody;
I hear him!—hark!

The merry lark,
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

When the golden sun appears
On the mountain's furly brow;
When his jolly beams he rears,
Darting joy; behold them now.—
Then, then,—Oh, hark!

The merry lark,
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

When the village-boy to field,
Tramps it with the buxom lass;
Feign she would not seem to yield,
Yet gets her tumble on the grass:
Then, then, Oh, hark!

The merry lark,
While they tumble in the hay,
Pipes alone his roundelay.

What are honours? What's a court?
Calm content is worth them all;
Our honour lies in cudgel sport,
Our brightest court a greensward ball.
But then,—Oh, hark!

The merry lark,
Calls us to our new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

STERNE, AT THE TOMB OF MARIA.

THE sun shone pale on mountain snow,
 While morn unbarr'd her gate;
 Wak'd by his beams, Maria rose,
 To mourn her hapless fate;
 In piteous sounds of deepest woe,
 Which echo thro' the vale,
 Soft as the rising blush of morn,
 Or Zephyr's fragrant gale.

All night her throud before her past,
 The owl cry'd, and raven too;
 At eve Maria breath'd her last,
 And prov'd her omens true.
 Her spirit's now in heaven repos'd,
 Which her sad vigils kept!
 Whose wounds on earth were never clos'd,
 Whose sorrow never slept.

Yet ere I bid my last adieu,
 While in thy clay-cold bed;
 Accept the tear of friendship true,
 Which o'er thy grave I shed:
 While life remains, thy hapless lot,
 In mem'ry e'er shall live;
 May'st thou in heav'n those blessings prove,
 Which earth could never give.

I KEN HE LOO'S ME WEEL.

BESIDE the burn the other day,
 I tun'd my simple sang;

Young

Young Jockey, tripping, came that way,
 And play'd his pipe along :
 Upon the bank he took his seat,
 And fain a kifs would steal ;
 I rose, and quickly did retreat,
 Yet ken he loo's me weel.

Dear Peggy, then the loon he cry'd,
 Do not my suit disdain ;
 Or treat wi' scornful airs and pride,
 An honest hearty swain :
 I've ewes and lambs, that graze the mead,
 To truth I can appeal ;
 They shall be yours, sweet lass, indeed,
 If you will loo me weel.

The shepherd look'd and talk'd so sweet,
 Gude faith he won my heart ;
 For pit-a-pat, I felt it beat ;
 To frown I had no heart.
 Mels John the happy knot has ty'd,
 Content is mine I feel ;
 There canna be a happier bride,
 Because he loo's me well.

TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

BELIEVE me, fir, you'll find me true,
 As any girl you ever knew ;
 I know no art,
 To hide my heart ;
 And since with flowers first I stood,

To

To young or old,
I never fold
Two faces under a hood.

'Tis true, I drefs in fimple gown,
And never faw the flaunting town,
Where ladies fhine
In filks fo fine ;
Still I think myfelf as good,
As toafted belle,
Whilst I ne'er fell
Two faces under a hood.

DEAR MARY ;

OR, THE FAREWEL TO OLD ENGLAND.

FAREWEL to old England, thy white cliffs
adieu !

Can the gale be auspicious that bears me from
you ;

Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole,
No diftance can change the true love of my foul !
As well might my meffmates determine to bale,
All the waters that fill up old Neptune's great
pail,

As divert my firm mind from its fond thought
of you ;

Farewel to old England, dear Mary adieu !

Dear Mary, adieu ! can that fhip go to wreck
Where ev'ry plank bears your fweet name on
the deck ;

Nay,

Nay, many love-knots on the tops have I made;
While guileless my shipmates at chequers have
play'd;

Their sports are no pastime, but sorrow to me,
My mind is more happy in fighting to thee;
More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you,
For the hope of return, takes the sting from—
adieu!

Yes! the hope of return's all the joy of a tar;
'Tis his compass, his helm, 'tis his guide and
his star;

'Tis impress'd on his bosom the moment he
sails,

It shortens long nights, and it quickens light
gales;

The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the
day;

With rapture it makes his affections to burn,
And changes adieu! into welcome return.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

THE day is departed, and round from the
cloud,

The moon in her beauty appears;

The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud

The music of love in our ears:

Maria appear! now the season so sweet,

With the beat of the heart is in tune,

The time is so tender for lovers to meet,

Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot

I cannot, when present, unfold what I feel;
 I sigh (can a lover do more) —

Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,

Yet I think of her all the day o'er:

Maria, my love, do you long for the grove,

Do you sigh for an interview soon;

Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove

Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds, whenever I
 hear,

My bosom is all in a glow;

Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through
 mine ear,

My heart thrills—my eyes overflow:

Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine

Indulge a fond lover his boon;

Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,

Alone by the light of the moon.

A NEW SONG.

WHEN cold indifference chills the breast,

The lover sighs in vain;

We are deaf to every fond request,

Regardless of his pain.

But, O! how easy are we won,

When Nature does conspire,

And aids the lover, then how soon

We catch the trembling fire.

Boldly

Boldly to frown in vain we try,
 When love has warm'd the heart;
 Our eyes still give our tongues the lye,
 And say 'tis all but art.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

I'M jolly Dick the lamplighter,
 They say the sun's my dad,
 And truly I believe it fir,
 For I'm a pretty lad.
 Father and I the world delight,
 And make it look so gay,
 The difference is—I lights by night,
 And Father lights by day.
 But father's not the like of I,
 For knowing life and fun,
 For I strange tricks and fancies spy,
 Folks never shew the sun.
 Rogues, owls, and bats, can't bear the light,
 I've heard your wise ones say;
 And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night,
 Things never seen by day.
 At night, men lay aside all art,
 As quite a useless task;
 And many a face, and many a heart,
 Will then pull off the mask.
 Each formal prude, and holy wight,
 Will through disguise away,
 And sin it openly at night,
 Who fainted it all day.

His

His darling hoard the miser views;
 Misses from friends decamp;
 And many a statesman mischief brews
 To his country—o'er his lamp.
 So Father and I—d'ye take me right,
 Are just on the same lay;
 I bare-fac'd sinners light by night,
 And he false saints by day.

A FAVOURITE SEA SONG.

I'VE known what it is to face a foe,
 Where death hath laid his hundreds low,
 What 'tis fatigues to undergo,
 That might appal our nature:
 Yet never was a truth more clear,
 That man's in danger, least in fear,
 Whose heart can shed a generous tear,
 T' relieve a fellow creature.

I've seen stout hearts of whom one wave,
 Has in a moment made a grave,
 Whose lives not all the world could save—
 Then things affect our nature;
 But not so much, as when the heart,
 Some ray of comfort to impart,
 Swells up a generous tear to start,
 T' relieve a fellow creature.

SMILING GROG.

A Sailors life's a life d'ye see,
 That drudges late and early;

What

What matter's that when he's at sea,
 'Tis grog that makes him cheerly;
 For blest with that no care he knows,
 His heart's with courage stor'd;
 'Tis all the same what wind that blows,
 When smiling grogs a-board.

Tho' many a stormy night he braves,
 Yet fear cannot his courage check;
 Undaunted views the dashing waves,
 And boldly still he stands on deck;
 What fear can e'er a sailor feel,
 Who ploughs the foaming hoard;
 He fears not rocks that rub the keel,
 When smiling grogs a-board.

The sails are set, the can goes round,
 The helm at watch is shifted;
 The lead is heav'd, the bank is found,
 The ship by seas is drifted;
 What dangers now await the crew,
 She's turning out the freight she stor'd:
 Yet highly pleas'd the merry few,
 When smiling grog's a-board.

The ship she works, the helm's a-lee,
 The sea beats o'er the weather bow,
 The pump's at task, the leak is free,
 She rights, my boys, just now:
 With eager stretch the sails are clear,
 She's near the port well stor'd;
 Drink now, my hearts, the shore is near,
 For smiling grog's a-board.

HUNTING SONG.

HARK the sweet horn proclaims afar,
 Against the stag, the mimic war;
 While future heroes hearts rebound,
 And pant to hear the trumpet sound.
 The warlike genius of our isle,
 Who on the hunter deigns to smile,
 In echoes gives the chase applause,
 Which strings the nerve for glory's cause:
 Where'er the devious chase may bend,
 Still freedom shall our steps attend;
 And bids us, as her pleasures rise,
 Defend the blessings which we prize.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd by
 a shower,
 That Mary to Anna convey'd;
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.
 The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all
 wet,
 And it seem'd to my fanciful view,
 To weep for the bud it had left with regret
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.
 I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,
 For a nosegay so dripping and drown'd,
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
 I snapp'd it— it fell to the ground.

And

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing or breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with the owner awhile ;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd, perhaps, with a smile.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
These walls can but echo my moan,
Alas ! how it increases my pain,
When I think on the days that are gone.
Thro' the grate of my prison, I see
The birds as they wanton in air,
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above, tho' oppress'd by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She near can subdue me to those ;
False woman in ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be,
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.
Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day,
How sad tolls the evening bell ;

The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow wind seems to murmur around,
 O Mary, prepare thee to die—
 My blood it runs cold at the sound.

TRUE JOY IS DRINKING.

LET the Sultan Saladine,
 Play the rake in Palastine;
 While he claims his subjects duty,
 He's himself a slave to beauty!
 Wearing baser chains than they,
 Well, every man must have his way;
 But to my poor way of thinking,
 True joy is drinking.

Cœur de Leon loves the wars,
 Richard's joy is blows and scars;
 Conquer'd Pagans fly before him,
 Christian warriors all adore him;
 Watching, marching, night and day,
 Well! well! well! well!
 Every man must have his way;
 But to my poor way of thinking,
 True joy is drinking.

You too, pilgrims, love your trade,
 You recruit the bold crusade;
 Making zealots cross the ocean,
 In a fit of fierce devotion:
 Pilgrim's love to fast and pray,
 Well; well! well! well!
 Every man must have his way;

But to my poor way of thinking,
True joy is drinking.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

ASSIST me ye lads, who have hearts free
from guile,

To sing in the praises of old Ireland's isle,
Where true hospitality opens the door,
And Friendship detains us for one bottle more,
Arrah! one bottle more, &c.

At CANDY'S, in Church-Street, I sing of a set
Of six Irish blades who together were met,
Four bottles a piece made us call for our score,
Then nothing remained but one bottle more.

Arrah! one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loth to depart,
For Friendship had grappl'd each man by the
heart,

Where the least touch you know makes an
Irishman roar.

And a whack from Shillelah brought six bottles
more.

Arrah! six bottles more.

Slow Phœbus now shone thro' our windows so
bright,

Quite happy to see her dear sons of the night;
So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor fore,
Resolv'd the next night to drink twelve bottles
more.

Arrah! twelve bottles more.

So old England your taunts on our country
forbear,

With our bulls and our brogues, we are true
and sincere,

For if but one bottle remains in our store,
We have generous hearts to drink THAT
bottle more.

Arrah ! THAT bottle more.

THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

LIFE's like a ship in constant motion,
Sometimes high and sometimes low ;

Where ev'ry one must brave the ocean,
Whatsoever wind may blow :

If unassail'd by squall or shower,

Wafted by the gentle gales ;

Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,

While success attends our sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,

Let us not give way to fear ;

But let us all our patience muster,

And learn from reason, how to steer

Let judgment keep you ever steady,

'Tis a ballast never fails ;

Should dangers rise, be ever ready

To manage well the swelling sails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,

While your vessel's under way,

Let good example bear dominion,

That's a compass will not stray :

When thund'ring tempest's make you shudder,
 Or Boreas on the surface rails ;
 Let good discretion guide the rudder,
 And providence attend the sails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
 In some welcome port or bay ;
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 And care awhile enslumber'd lay ;
 Or, when each can's with liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails ;
 Let each true heart with rapture glowing,
 Drink success unto our sails.

ALAS ! HE STOLE MY HEART AWAY.

WHEN rural lads and lasses gay,
 Proclaim the birth of rosy May ;
 When round the May-pole on the green,
 The rustic dancers all are seen,
 'Twas there young Jocky met my view,
 His like before I never knew—
 He pip'd so sweet and danc'd so gay,
 Alas ! he stole my heart away.

At eve, when cakes and ale went round,
 He plac'd him next me on the ground,
 With harmless mirth, and pleasing jest,
 He shone more bright than all the rest ;
 He talk'd of love, and press'd my hand,
 Ah ! who could such a youth withstand,

Well

Well pleas'd I heard what he cou'd say,
Alas! he talk'd my heart away.

And he pip'd so sweet and danc'd so gay,
Alas! he stole my heart away.

He often heav'd a tender sigh,
While rapture sparkled in his eye,
So winning was his face and air,
It might the coldest heart ensnare,
But when he ask'd me for his bride,
I promis'd soon, and soon comply'd;
What nymph on earth could say him nay,
His charms must steal all hearts away.

And he pip'd so sweet and danc'd so gay,
Alas! he stole my heart away.

THE DEAR POSSESSOR OF MY HEART.

THE dear possessor of my heart
Is full of tenderness and truth,
His mind he speaks devoid of art—
And I'll reward the worthy youth.

In mutual love the joy how great,
What pleasing raptures fill each mind,
Each wish with tenderness replete,
Most pure, un sullied, and unkind.

Ye tuneful birds that hail the spring,
Ye flow'rets all your sweets display,
Your choicest notes and perfumes bring,
To greet us on the bridal day.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

TO my muse give attention, and deem it not a mystery

If we jumble together music, poetry and history;
The times to display in the reign of Queen Bess, fir,
Whose name and whose memory posterity may bless,
fir.

CHORUS.

O the golden days of good Queen Bess,
Merry be the memory of good Queen Bess.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were
thatch'd, fir,

Our windows were lattic'd, and our doors only latch'd,
fir,

Yet so few were the folks that would plunder, or rob,
fir,

That the hangman was starving for want of a job, fir.
O the golden days, &c.

Then we laugh'd at the bugbears of dons and armadas
With their gunpowder puffs, and their blustering bravadoes;

For we knew how to manage both the musket and the
bow, fir,

And cou'd bring down a Spaniard just as easy as a crow,
fir,

O the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
were great, fir,

And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
state, fir,

Merry went the milk-clack, the shuttle, and the
plough, fir,

And honest men could live by the sweat of their brow,
fir,

O the golden days, &c.

Then

Then the folks every Sunday, went twice a day to church, fir,

Nor ever left the Parson or his sermon, in the lurch, fir;
As they judged that the Sunday was a day to be good in,
And thought it Sabbath-breaking if they din'd without a pudding.

O the golden days, &c.

Then the ladies wore ruffs tied round about the neck fast,

And would eat a full pound of beef-steaks for their breakfast;

With a close pinch'd-up cap that their noddles just woun'd fit, fir,

They look'd truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, fir,

O the golden days, &c.

Then doublets and jerkins and yellow worsted hose, fir,
And a large pair of whiskers, was the dress of our beaus, fir;

Strong beer they prefer'd to claret or to hock, fir,
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox, fir

O the golden days, &c.

Good neighbourhood was then as plenty as good beef, fir,

[Lies, fir;

And the poor, from the rich never went without re-

The pillars of the state the crown well supported,

And our powerful alliance by all powers was courted.

O the golden days, &c.

Thus renown'd as they liv'd all the days of their lives, fir,

Bright examples of glory to us that survive, fir,

May we their descendants pursue the same way fir,

That KING GEORGE, like QUEEN BESS, may have his golden days, fir.

CHORUS.

And may a long and lasting reign of glory and success,
Make his name eclipse the fame of good Queen BESS.

THE GOLDEN DAYS WE NOW POSSESS.

IN praise of Queen Bess lofty strains have been sung,
fir, [fir:

And her fame has been echo'd by old and by young,
But from times that are past we'll now turn our eyes,
fir.

As the times we possess, 'tis but wisdom to prize, fir.

CHORUS.

Then let us praise the golden days we now possess,
Whatsoever were the days of good Queen Bess.

Without armies to combat, or armada's to withstand,
fir.

Our foes at our feet, and the sword in our hand, fir,
Lasting peace we secure; while we're lords of the
 sea fir.

And our stout wooden walls are our sure guarantee, fir.
Such are the golden days we now possess,
Whatsoever, &c.

No bigots rule the roost now with persecution dire, fir.
Flaming zeal now no more heaps the faggot on the
fire, fir :

No bishop now can broil a poor Jew like a pigeon, fir,
Or barbacue a Pagan, like a pig, for religion, fir.
Such are &c.

No legendary faint robs the lab'rer of one day,
Except now and then, when he celebrates St. Monday;
And good folks, now the sabbath, keep without any
pother, fir.

By walking in at one church door, and stealing out
at t'other, fir, Such are &c.

The dress of our ladies too, is now their only care, fir,
Tho' farthingales and ruffs, are rather out of wear, fir,
And when truss'd up like rabbits, whether fat, lean,
 or plump, fir,

No matter, so they've got a merry-thought and rump,
fir, Such are &c.

Such

Such promontories sure may be deem'd inaccessible,
As our small cloaths by prudes, are pronounc'd in-
expressibles ; [fir,

Then the taste of our beaus 'twere a folly to dispute,
As they ride in their slippers and walk about in
boots, fir. Such are &c.

Our language is refined too, from what it was so
yore, fir, [bore, fir ;

As a shoe string's the dandy, and a buckle's quite a
And if rais'd from the dead, it wou'd sure poze the
noddle, fir,

Of a Shakespere, to tell, what's the tippy, or the
twaddle, fir. Such are &c.

Then what heroes of old, can equal in story, fir,
Those two stately pillars, a whig and a tory, fir ;
Tho' in shifting their ground, they sometimes are so
wrong, fir,

They forget to which side of the house they belong, fir.
Such are &c.

Then for props of the nation, we surely have to
boast, fir, [post, fir ;

Tho' the proudest of pillars has been shaken by a
May the firm friends of freedom every virtue inhe-
rit, fir, [fir.

And our foes be advanc'd to the post that they merit,
Then shall the golden days we now possess,

Far surpass the boasted days of good Queen Bess.

And as the name of Brunswick, claims duty, love,
and awe, fir,

Before a Plantaganet, a Tudor, or Nassau, fir ;

Let the sceptre be sway'd by the Son, or the Sire, fir,

May their RACE rule this land, 'till the globe is on
fire, fir.

And all their future days be crown'd with glory
and success,

And make their fame eclipse the name of good
QUEEN-BESS.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

THO' prudence will always cry nay,
When Strephon sues for the kiss;

Yet something I meet in the way,

'Tis love that answers with yes!

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

Love, love, 'tis love that answers with yes!

'Tis love that answers with yes.

When love in fond strains would persuade,

From both my parents to go;

Then prudence, that old fashion'd maid,

Steps in, and answers with no!

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

Still, still, yet still, she answers with no!

Yet still she answers with no!

When kneeling, my swain fondly prays,

That hour my hand to bestow;

The men are all false prudence says,

And bids me answer with no!

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

Still, still, yet still, she answers with no!

Yet still she answers with no!

But cruelty who should enforce?

Shall Cupid forfeit his bliss?

Tho' prudence cries no till she's hoarse,

Yet love will conquer with yes!

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,

Love, love, and love, will conquer with yes!

And love will conquer with yes!

FROM

FROM NIGHT TILL MORN.

FROM night till morn I take my glass,
 In hopes to forget my Chloe;
 But tho' I take the pleasing draught,
 Shes ne'er the less before me.

Ah! no, no, no, wine cannot cure
 The pain I endure for my Chloe.

To wine I flew to ease the pain
 Her beauteous charms created;
 But wine more firmly bound the chain,
 And love would not be cheated.

Ah! no, no, no, &c.

THE ROSE THO' A BEAUTIFUL RED.

THE rose, tho' a beautiful red,
 Looks faded to Phillis's bloom;
 And the breeze from the bean-flower bed,
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume.

The dew-drop so limpid and gay,
 That loose on the violet lies;
 Tho' brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
 Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

A lilly I pluckt in full pride,
 Its freshness with her's to compare,
 And foolishly thought, till I try'd,
 The flowret was equally fair.

While thus I went on in her praise,
 My Phillis pass'd sportive along:
 Ye poets I covet no bays—
 She smil'd a reward for my song.

POOR JACK.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like!

A tight water-boat, and good sea-room give me
And it e'nt to a little I'll strike!

Tho' the tempest top-gallant-mast smack-
smooth should smite,

And shiver each splinter of wood,

Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse
every thing tight,

And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.—

Ayast! nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,

To be taken for trifles a-back; [aloft—

For they say, there's a PROVIDENCE sits up

To keep watch for—the life of POOR JACK.

Why, I heard the good Chaplain palaver one
day,

About souls—heaven—mercy—and such;

And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and
belay!—

Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.

But, he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye
see,

Without orders that come down below;

And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,

That PROVIDENCE takes us in tow. [so oft

For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er

Take the top-lifts of sailors a-back,

There's a sweet little cherub sits perched aloft,

To keep watch for—the life of POOR JACK.

I said

I said to our Poll (for you see she would cry)
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 "What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
 Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!
 Cant't you see the world's wide, and there's room
 for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
 And if to old Davy I go, my dear Poll,
 Why, you never will hear of me more!
 What then!—all's a hazard—come, don't be
 so soft—

Perhaps I may laughing come back;
 For d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for—the life of POOR JACK.

Dy'e mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch,
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world, without off'ring
 to flinch,

From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
 As to me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and
 ends,

Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;—
 My heart is my Poll's;—and my *rhino* my friend's;
 And as for my *life*,—'tis my *King's*!
 E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me
 so soft,

As with grief to be taken a-back;—
 The same little cherub, that sits up aloft,
 Will look out a good birth for POOR JACK!

THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL ;

A SEQUEL TO POOR JACK.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the
salt deep,

Alas ! I mayn't see him again !

In spite of his talking, I could not but weep,

To help it I'm sure was in vain :

Then he broke from my arms, and bid me
farewel,

Saying, Poll, come, my soul, it won't do ;
So dy'e hear, avast whining and sobbing, my
girl,

'Tis all foolish nonsense in you :—

I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,

From something that whisper'd, dy'e see—

There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,

Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at distance, each thought is
employ'd,

And nought can delight me on shore ;

I fancy at times, that the ship is destroy'd,

And Jack I shall never see more :

But then its but fancy ! that angel above,

Who can do such a wonder of things,

I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,

And so to myself I thus sings :

What matters repining, my heart shall be light,

For something that whispers, dy'e see—

There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,

Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet angel, wherever he be,
 Forget to look out after Jack,
 Why then he may never return unto me,
 Ah! never, no never come back :
 But oh! it can't be, he's too good and too kind,
 To make the salt-water his grave ;
 And why should I then each tale-teller mind,
 Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave :
 Besides, I will never kind Providence slight,
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see—
 There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

THE BUMPKIN NO FOOL.

WHAT thof I be a country clown,
 For all the fufs that you make,
 One need not to be born in town,
 To know what two and two make.
 Squire Fop there thinks his empty pate
 Worth all ours put together,
 But how can that have any weight
 That's only made of feather.
 Then duont ye be so proud, d'ye see,
 It 'ent a thing that's suiting !
 Can one than t'other better be,
 When both are on footing.

Now here's a man who seas and land
 Has dreamt that he can cross over,
 That all the world's at his command,
 For he's a great philosopher ;
 That to each secret he no bars

Ec'r

E'er finds, but can unlock it,
 And conjure down the moon and stars,
 And put them in his pocket :
 But when you've caught him where's the prize
 So mighty to the getter ;
 For fartin he can make us wise,
 But can he make us better.

My lady there, because she's dress'd
 In lappets, frills, and flounces,
 See how with pride her flutt'ring breast
 Throbs, heaves, and jumps, and bounces.
 And then, 'tis said, they makes a face
 New spick and span each feature,
 As if they thought that a disgrace
 That's ready made by nature :
 The money for a head so high,
 Such scollops and such carving,
 Would keep an honest family
 A month or more from starving.
 As for the doctors and their pill,
 Odds waunds I can't endure them,
 For fartin they their patients kill
 More oftner than they cure them.
 And as for master poet here,
 Who writes for fame and glory,
 I thinks as he's a little queer,
 Poor soul, in the upper story.
 I've yet another wipe to spare,
 For waunds I'll give no quarter,
 Next time you'd find a fool, take care
 You do not catch a tarter.

HENRY.

MY heart from my bosom wou'd fly,
 And wander, oh ! wander afar,
 Reflection bedews my sad eye,
 For Henry is gone to the war.
 Oh ! ye winds to my Henry bear
 One drop—let it fall on his breast—
 The tear, as a pearl he will wear,
 And I, in remembrance, be blest.

In vain smiles the glittering scene,
 In vain blooms the roseat flow'r,
 The sunshine of April's not seen,
 I have only to do with the shower.
 Oh ! ye winds, &c.

Ye winds that have borne him away,
 Restore my dear youth to my arms ;
 Restore me to sunshine and day—
 'Tis night—till my Henry returns.
 Oh ! ye winds, &c.

THE ROSE BUD.

LOUISA see that budding rose,
 How bright beneath the bush it blows !
 How safely there it lurks conceal'd,
 How quickly blasted when reveal'd.
 The sun with warm attractive rays
 Tempts it to wanton in the blaze ;
 A blast descends from eastern skies,
 And all the blushing radiance dies.

Then

Then guard, my fair, your charms divine,
And check the fond desire to shine,
Where fame's transporting rays allure—
Rest hear more happy, more secure.

EVERY INCH A SAILOR.

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,
The dinky scud drove cross the sky,
All was safe stow'd, the bowl was slung,
When careless thus Ned Haulyard sung:
A sailor's life's the life for me,
He takes his duty merrily;
If winds can whistle, he can sing,
Still faithful to his friend and King—
He gets belov'd by all the ship,
And toasts his girl, and drinks his flip.

Down topsails, boys, the gale comes on,
To strike top-gallant yards they run;
And now to hand the sail prepar'd,
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard—
A sailor's life, &c.

A leak!—a leak!—come, lads, be bold,
There's five feet water in the hold;
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,
And, hark! while working at the pump—
A sailor's life. &c.

And see, the vessel nought can save,
She strikes and finds a wat'ry grave;
Yet Ned, preserv'd with a few more,
Sings as he treads a foreign shore—
A sailor's life, &c.

And now unnumber'd perils past,
On land as well as sea, at last,
In tatters, to his Poll at home,
See honest Haulyard finging come—
A sailors' life &c.

Yet for poor Haulyard, what disgrace!—
Poll swears she never saw his face—
He d—— her for a faithless she,
And, finging, goes again to sea.
A sailor's life, &c.

I WAS D'YE SEE A WATERMAN.

I WAS, d'ye see, a waterman,
As spruce and tight as any;
From Horsleydown, to Richmond town,
I turn'd an honest penny:
None could of fortune's favours brag
More than could lucky I;
My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
With grunter in my stye.
With bosom light, and wherry tight,
I cheerfully did row;
And to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend and wife
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,
Folks far and near carefs'd me;
Till who is me, so lubberly,
The sailors came and press'd me;

How

How could I all these pleasures leave ?

How with my wherry part ?

I never so took on to grieve,

It wrung my very heart.

But when on board they gave the word

To foreign parts to go,

I ru'd the moment I was born,

That ever I should thus be torn

From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully

While on the billows rolling ;

And night or day could find the way

Blindfold to the main-top-bowling.

Thus all the dangers of the main,

Quicksands and gales of wind

I brav'd, in hopes to meet again

Those joys I left behind.

In climes afar, 'midst hottest war,

Pour'd broadsides on the foe ;

In hopes these perils to relate,

As by my side attentive sat

My Poll and my partner Joe.

At length it pleas'd his Majesty,

To give peace to our nation ;

When honest hearts, from foreign parts,

Came home for consolation ;

Like light'ning (for I felt new life

When freed from war's alarms),

I rush'd and found my friend and wife

Lock'd in each other's arms :

Yet fancy not I bore my lot

Tame, like a lubber—no;
 For, finding I was fairly trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I boldly kick'd
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

LA PAUVRE NANNETTE.

CUPID, cruel knave of hearts,
 Fond beguiler of the fair,
 Hear a novice in thy arts,
 Save a damsel from despair,
 Pity me, oh ! pity me,
 Shall I take him, or forsake him,
 Shall I own his power yet :
 Love distract me, duty racks me,

LA PAUVRE NANNETTE.

Cupid, whisper in his ear
 All the anxious cares I feel,
 Let my glowing blush declare
 What my bosom wou'd conceal.
 Pity me, oh ! pity me, &c.

Yet inconstant shou'd he prove,
 All my tender hopes are vain,
 Henry, frowns upon my love,
 NANNETTE, ne'er can smile again.
 Pity me, oh ! pity me, &c.

FAVORITE GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

EV'RY hour a pleasure dies,
 What is thought but nurse of sorrow;
 He that wishes to be wise,
 Lives to day, and mocks to-morrow.

A NEW

A NEW NEGRO SONG.

ME be one poor slave, brought into Barbado,
 Ven one pickaninny, such de cruel trado;
 How me vetch and carry, now go here and dere,
 fir,

Dey no let me rest, dey for black man no care,
 fir,

Now chain'd like de horse, and de weder hot,
 Vipt along de road, poor negro go to pot;
 If me faint or dying, still along must go;
 Devil take de driver, him always serve me so.

If me stay at home, still me run about, fir,
 Now up, now down, now kick, now vip, now
 in and out fir;

My massa swear, my massa scold, if I no come
 de faster,

I could not be used worse, if old nick he was
 my massa.

De pickaninnies too, de littel boy and miss, fir,
 De laugh and call me name, and tump me wit
 dere fis, fir;

Yet me must not complain, poor negro must
 endure it,

Alas! a well a-day, dere be no means to cure it.

All de night and day, me be toiling, moiling,
 Never can be rest, but ever sweat and broiling;
 Me poor negro, black all dats hard be trying,
 Whiteman use me so, me wish dat I vas dying.

RULE

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain,—
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
Must, &c.

Whilst thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great
and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
More, &c.
As the loud blast, that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down;
All their, &c.
Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe, and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.
To

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
 Thy cities, &c.
 And thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles, thine.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;
 Shall to, &c.
 Blest isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britania, Britannia rule the waves.
 For Britons never will be slaves.

MARY THE MAID OF THE MILL.
LIKE dew-drops that hang on the rose,
 The tears shone on Mary's fair cheek;
 When William, to face our proud foes,
 War and danger undaunted would seek.
 He press'd her white hand with a sigh,
 Then cry'd, still remember poor Will;
 For constant I'll be, live or die,
 To Mary the maid of the mill.
 Sad tidings too soon were convey'd,
 That William in battle was slain;
 And many that lov'd the fair maid,
 Now ventur'd to tell their soft pain.
 The 'squire would have made her his bride,
 But still she remember'd poor Will,
 'Till his death he was constant, she cry'd,
 And so shall his maid of the mill.

While his death the sad Mary had moun'd,
 Great fame he'd atchiev'd in the wars;
 With riches and honour return'd,
 He wip'd from her eye the salt tears:
 Then led her to church as his wife,
 To repay her true love for poor Will;
 Now joy and delight cheer the life
 Of Mary the maid of the mill.

LOGAN BRAES.

BY Logan stream that rin sa deep,
 Fu aft wi glee I've hurded sheep,
 Hurded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
 Wi my dear lad on Logan Braes.
 Hurded sheep, &c.

But woes my heart, those days are gane,
 And I wi grief maun herd my lane;
 While my dear lad must face his faes,
 Far, far, frae me and Logan Braes.
 Hurded sheep, &c.

Na mair at Logan kirk will he,
 Atween the preaching meet wi me,
 Meet wi me, or when it's muk,
 Canvoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
 Hurded sheep, &c.

Well may I sing those days are gane,
 Fra kirk, or fair I came alane;
 While my dear lad must face his faes,
 Far, far, frae me, and Logan Braes.
 Hurded sheep, &c.

COLIN AND LAURA.

FAIR Laura on the banks of dee,
 At eve renew'd her song,
 My Colin soon return to me,
 Ye hours fly swift away.
 Gay hopes the tedious Morn beguiles,
 Noon brings no joy to me;
 The Evening sighs I hide in smiles,
 Till I my Colin see.

On Zephyr's wings her accents glide,
 The youth appear'd in view;
 Be still my heart, sweet Laura sigh'd,
 And to her Colin flew.
 The joy that triumph'd in each heart,
 Each other's eyes reveal;
 For breast like theirs devoid of art,
 Cou'd not one thought conceal.

ADIEU, ADIEU, MY LOVE.

ADIEU, adieu, my love, my heart,
 Poor Jack, poor Jack, you fled away;
 'Tis cruel Death that made us part,
 Alack, alack, and well-a-day.
 Farewel, farewel, dear soul, dear youth,
 Poor Jack, poor Jack, your'e snatch'd away,
 By cruel Death's devouring tooth,
 Alack, alack, and well-a-day.
 I'll weep, I'll weep, all night, all day,
 For Jack, for Jack, that's fled away;
 This tribute to his mem'ry pay,
 Alack, alack, and well-a-day.

PATT'S OATH AT HIGHGATE.

NOW driving thro' Highgate I stopp'd agood
while in't,

This volun'try oath forc'd to take there my
dear ;

But when that I swore, I pray'd all to be silent,
And nothing but silence, O faith, cou'd you
hear.

What numbers where gather'd all alone, fir
So gaily the landlord took care of my little
Shillelagh ;

While I call'd for drink as I always do daily,
O a duck loves to swim, faith and troth, do
you see.

Before now I spoke why I said to my friend, fir,
Take hold of that tankard and give it to me,
For e're I begin, I must make a good end, fir,
And faith sure enough I the bottom did see.
Now all on the top of the coach took their places,
While those that were inside put outside their
faces ;

And our number divided together increases,
For the sake of Patt's oath, faith and troth, do
you see.

I swear when I've beer that I'll never drink
water,

Except the weak stuff is quite strong in a bowl;
I'll never court mother before her sweet daughter,
But when its behind her I kiss the young soul.

To let a jug stand going round I ne'er will, fir,
And when we are empty after drinking our fill,
fir;

I'll git up and move that we all shall sit still, fir,
On as Patrick's my judge, faith and troth, do
you see.

When serious I never will joke I declare, fir,
Nor ever be backward to any one's face;
And when that behind me I see a sweet fair, fir,
O faith I'll walk on and give her the first place.
And when in the dark I percieve a sweet crea-
ture,

Turn'd out in the streets, and by fortune's ill-
nature;

In plentiful want fir, O faith I will teach her,
That Patt has a heart, faith and troth, do you see.

But to make short my oath I must add tho' I'm
married,

My friends in distress I will never forsake,
Tho' forc'd my own self all the way to be carraid.

I'd walk fifty miles the wretch happy to make.
But if ever I see a young fellow backbite me,
Tho' twenty leagues off by the sun that doth
light me;

I never will quite him until he doth fight me,
And there's a big oath, faith and troth, do you see.

WHY STEALS FROM MY BOSOM THAT SIGH?

WHY steals from my bosom that sigh?

Why fix'd is my gaze on the ground?

Come

Come give me my pipe, and I'll try
To banish my cares with the sound.

E'er while where its notes of accord,
With the smile of the flow'r-footed muse ;
Ah ! why by its Mafter implor'd,
Shou'd it now the gay carrol refuse ?

She is soft as the dew-drops that fall
From the lip of the sweet-scented pea ;
Perhaps when she smiles upon all,
I have thought that she smil'd upon me.

But why of her charms shou'd I tell ?
Ah me ! whom her charms have undone ;
Yet I love the reflection too well,
The painful reflection to shun.

WHEN ON CLEORA'S FORM I GAZE.

WHEN on Cleora's form I gaze,
Surveying that exhaustless store,
'Till then unnotic'd charms I praise,
And those, 'till then prais'd, I adore :
And whilst I look'd with fond surprise,
And catch soft madness from my fair,
I wish for Argos's hundred eyes,
And wish to gaze for ever there.

But when Cleora's voice I hear,
And when she strikes the trembling strings,
I wish each eye was made an ear,
To list with angels when she sings :

Thus while in raptures they rejoice,
 My senses still her empire own,
 And touch her, see her, hear her voice—
 All, all confirm me her's alone.

WHEN LOVE HATH CHARM'D.

WHEN love hath charm'd the virgin's ear,
 She hides the tender thought in vain;
 How oft a blush, a sigh, a tear,
 Betrays the sweetly anxious pain.

For thee a mutual flame I own—
 Thy joys, thy sorrows, both are mine:
 Thy virtue all my soul have won,
 That boasts a passion pure as thine.

No more shalt thou my coldness mourn—
 I trust the tear that dims thine eye,
 I see fair Truth thy lip adorn,
 And hear her voice in ev'ry sigh.

THE SCOTCH SHEPHERD.

BEHIND yon hill where Stinchar flows,
 Are moors and mosses many O:—
 The Wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nannie O.
 O the whistling wind blows loud and shrill,
 The nights baith mirk and rainy O,
 I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hill to Nannie O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
 Nae artfu wiles to win ye O;

May

May ill befa the flatt'ring tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie O:

Her face is fair, her heart is true,

As spotless as she's bonny O;

The opening gowan wet wi dew,

Nae purer is than Nannie O.

The opening gowan, &c.

A country lad is my degree,

An few they be that ken me O;

But what care I how few they be,

I'm welcome to my Nannie O.

My riches a's my penny fee,

And I maun guide it cannie O;

But wardly gear ne'er troubles me,

My thoughts are a' my Nannie O.

But wardly gear, &c.

Our auld gude man delights to view

His sheep and kyne thrive bonny O;

But I'm as blithe that haulds his pleugh,

And a na care but Nannie O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,

I'll tak what heaven will fend me O;

Nae ither care in life have I,

But live and love my Nannie O.

Nae ither care, &c.

WHEN WERE MARRIED.

I Tremble to think that my soldier so bold,

To see with what danger he gets all his gold;

Yet danger all over 'twill keep out the cold,

And we shall be warm when we're married.

For riches, 'tis true, I envy them not,
 Unless 'tis to better my dear soldier's lot;
 And he shall be master of all I have got,
 The very first moment we're married.

My heart how it beats but to think on the day,
 In church when my father will give me away;
 But that I shall laugh at, I've heard many say,
 A day or two after we're married.

THE BANKS OF TWEED.

JUST when the blooming fragrant spring
 Proclaim'd the near approach of May;
 When in the grove the blackbirds sing
 Their cheerful notes on ev'ry spray;
 Young Sandy sought the rural green,
 The rustic dance, the tuneful reed—
 And Jenny's charms first caught his e'en,
 Upon the verdant banks of Tweed,

She was sa fair, sa blithe a lass,

She danc'd and mov'd like any queen;
 Her smiles wou'd May-day morn surpass,
 And laughing love was in her e'en.

From rosy morn to night he'd rove,

And to fast strains he tun'd his reed,
 He sung of bonny Jane and love
 Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

The God of Love was Sandy's friend,

And look'd wi gentle pity down—
 A pointed dart did quickly send,
 And made the bonny lass his own.

More

More fair and dear since marriage vow,
To her and love he tunes his reed ;
In sweet delights they revel now
Upon the verdant banks of Tweed.

MAKE AN END ON'T.

NOT long before the close of day,
When weary Sol was waning,
Reclin'd upon a flow'ry brae,
Young Sandy sat complaining :
Oh ! what a gowk was I to love,
Sae mickle time to spend on't,
Since Meg will neither kinder prove,
Nor frankly make an end on't.

Since Meg began to scowl and flyte,
And torture me with scorning,
I joyless gang to bed at night,
And rise with grief at morning :
But let her flout and slight my love,
For troth she may depend on't,
If she's unkind I'll scornful prove,
And so will make an end on't.

Now scarce had Sandy utter'd this,
Ere Meg appear'd, whose beauty
Pourtray'd the scenes of future bliss,
And brought him to his duty :
Oh ! take my heart, dear Meg, said he,
Indeed you may depend on't—
Then led her to the kirk with glee,
And there they made an end on't.

LOVE, CONSTANCY, AND TRUTH.

WERE Nancy but a rural maid,
 And I her only swain,
 We'd tend our flocks on flow'ry mead,
 And on the verdant plain.
 In Nancy ev'ry joy combine,
 With grace and blooming youth,
 In her with lucid brightness shine
 Love, constancy, and truth.

When Phoebus bright sinks in the west,
 And flocks are pent in fold,
 Beneath a fav'rite tree we'll rest,
 In joys not to be told.

In Nancy every, &c.

Let others fancy courtly joys,
 I'd live in rural peace;
 While wedded love, that never cloy,
 Shou'd crown our days in peace.
 In Nancy ev'ry, &c.

SHE IS MISTAKEN.

LORD what a fuss my mother made,
 When Colin came this way,
 Because he caught me in his arms,
 And kiss'd me t'other day:
 She scolded me both day and night,
 And was in such a taking;
 But if she thinks I'll not have him,
 I'm sure she is mistaken.

I told

I told her Colin lov'd me well,
 And meant not to deceive me,
 And said that from my present need
 He quickly wou'd relieye me;
 But mother said he was a wag,
 Who'd set my heart a aching,
 And if I thought he'd marry me,
 I surely was mistaken.

I knew 'twas false, but thought t'was best
 To feign that I believ'd her—
 And so by playing cunningly,
 Completely have deceiv'd her:
 And we've agreed to morrow morn,
 Before she thinks of waking,
 To tie the knot, that soon will shew
 How much she is mistaken.

HEDSOR VALE.

EACH fluent bard replete with wit
 In equal number shines,
 And smoothly flows some fancied name,
 To grace his polish'd lines:
 He calls the Muses to his aid,
 In verse he tells his am'rous tale;
 Be thou my muse, thou much-lov'd maid,
 The fairest flow'r of Hedfor Dale.

I feel the warm, the pleasing fire,
 Within my bosom roll,
 And purest love and chaste desire
 Steal softly on my soul:

In vain I wou'd the flame conceal,
 And hide those cares my heart assail:
 My talk, and looks, and sighs prevail—
 I love the flow'r of Hedfor Dale.

What pity, that a nymph so fair,
 With winning shape and face,
 Shou'd be devoted to some clown,
 Or rustic's rude embrace;
 That form demands a better fate,
 (Sweet hope) perhaps I can prevail,
 I'll try, before it is too late,
 To cull the flow'r of Hedfor Dale.

WILLY OF THE DALE.

WHEN spring dispensing sweets around,
 In gayest liv'ry deck the ground,
 Just when the fragrant breath of morn
 Had shook the dew-drops from the thorn,
 To yonder mead my flock I led,
 And gaily carrol'd as they fed;
 Of all the swains who trip the green,
 Or pipe in yonder vale,
 None look so neat or pipe so sweet
 As Willy of the dale.

My heart came flutt'ring to my tongue;
 As thus my Willy's praise I sung;
 But never sure was simple maid
 By her own folly thus betray'd;
 For turning round I saw the swain
 Stand sily list'ning to the strain—

My

My cheek he tapp'd, my hand he prest,
And told so sweet a tale,
Devoid of art I gave my heart
To Willy of the Dale.

Next morn he search'd the fields and bow'rs,
To cull for me the sweetest flow'r's,
Then cry'd, " These flow'r's, my charming fair,
" The emblems of thy beauties are ;
" Let Hymen join us then, dear maid,
" Before those transient beauties fade :"
In such a gentle voice he woo'd,
How cou'd he but prevail—
I vow'd through life to be the wife
Of Willy of the Dale.

FICKLE BLISS.

FICKLE bliss, fantastic treasure,
Love, how soon thy joys are past,
Since we soon must lose the pleasure,
Oh ! 'twere better ne'er to taste.
Cruel thoughts that pain, yet please me,
Ah ! no more my rest destroy ;
Shew me still, if you wou'd ease me,
Love's deceit, but not its joy.
Gods ! what kind, yet cruel pow'r,
Force my will to rack my mind ;
Ah ! too long we wait for flow'r's,
Soon, too soon, to fade design'd.

THE PORTRAIT.

COME, painter, with thy happiest slight,
 Pourtray me ev'ry grace
 In that blest region of delight,
 My charming Sylvia's face :
 And hear me, painter, to enhance
 The value of thine art,
 Steal from her eyes that very glance
 That stole away my heart.

Her forehead paint, in sway and rule,
 Where sit with pleasure grac'd,
 A form like Venus —beautiful,
 And like Diana—chaste :
 Then paint her cheeks, come paint and gaze,
 Guard well thy heart the while ;
 And then her mouth, where Cupid plays
 In an eternal smile.

Next draw—presumptuous painter ! hold,
 Ah, think'st to thee 'twas giv'n
 To paint her bosom ?—would'st so bold
 Presume to copy heaven ?
 Nay, leave the task, for 'tis above,
 Far, far above thy art,
 Her portrait's drawn—the painter Love,
 The tablet my fond heart.

FAMILY LIKENESSES.

LOVELY woman, pride of nature,
 Good, and sweet, and kind, and fair ;
 Than

Than man a higher stile of creature,
 Perfect as celestials are :
 See Myra come, like stately Juno,
 Ever fair, and ever young ;
 Completely like, as you and I know,
 For Myra, like Juno, has a tongue.

Young Celia's charms that bloom so sweetly,
 To paint, ah ! what can words avail ?
 She's Venus's self, and so completely,
 That Celia is like Venus—frail.
 To woo the charming Gloriana
 Audacity wou'd be afraid ;
 She's chaste and icy as Diana,
 And, like Diana, an old maid.

Thus women boast a near relation,
 'Tis plain, to the celestial race ;
 Then we, of their divine creation,
 A family resemblance trace :
 If then some faults of this complexion,
 Like spots upon that sun, their fame,
 Rusts this same model of perfection,
 The stars, not women, are to blame.

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

THIS life is like a troubled sea,
 Where helm a-weather or a-lee,
 The ship will neither stay nor wear,
 But drives, of ev'ry rock in fear ;
 All seamanship in vain we try,
 We cannot keep her steadily,

But

But just as Fortune's wind may blow,
The vessel's tost still to and fro :

Yet come but Love on board,
Our heart's with pleasure stor'd,
No storm can overwhelm ;
Still blows in vain the hurricane,
While he is at the helm,

This life, &c.

THE BOATSWAIN PIPES ALL HANDS,

I am a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, fir ;
Of all the lives I ever bad,
A sailor's life for me, fir.
Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands
With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, fir,

What girl but loves the merry tar,
We o'er the ocean roam, fir ;
In ev'ry clime we find a port,
In ev'ry port a home, fir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

But when our country's foes are nigh,
Each hastens to his gun, fir ;
We make the boasting Frenchman fly,
And hang the haughty Don, fir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

Our foes subdu'd, once more on shore,
We spend our cash with glee, fir ;

And

And when all's gone, we drown our care,
And out again to sea, fir.

Yeo, yeo, &c.

THE HAPPY SHEPHERD.

HAPPY shepherd, ever blest,
Of thy lovely nymph posselt ;
Delia, ever gay and young,
Decks the triumphs of my song :
Delia, pride of all the plain,
Fondly su'd by ev'ry swain ;
Yet the fair and constant she,
Loves no other swain but me.

Delia sits beneath the rocks,
Sweetly piping to her flocks ;
I, her Daphnis, sitting nigh,
Give for ev'ry note a sigh :
Home we bend at ev'n tide,
Charm'd with birds on ev'ry side ;
Thus the sweets of life we share—
Happy shepherd, happy fair.

WHILE HIGH THE FOAMING SURGES RISE.

WHILE high the foaming surges rise,
And pointed rocks appear,
Loud thunders rattle in the skies,
Yet sailors must not fear.
In storms, in wind,
Their duty mind ;
Aloft, below,
They cheerful go,

To

To reef or steer, as 'tis design'd,
No fears or dangers fill the mind.

The signal for the line is made,
The haughty foe's in fight.

The bloody flag aloft display'd,
And fierce the dreadful fight:

Each minds his gun,

No dangers shun;

Aloft, below,

They cheerful go;

Though thunders roar, yet still we find
No fears alarm the sailor's mind.

The storm is hush'd, the battle's o'er,

The sky is clear again;

We toss the can to those on shore,

While we are on the main:

To Poll and Sue,

Sincere and true,

With pleasure crown,

The grog goes round;

In war or peace, alike you'll find,

That honour fills the sailor's mind.

MY SHEPHERD GONE ASTRAY.

O Tell me, ye gentle nymphs and swains,
Pass'd my dear Damon o'er your plains?
O cheer with hope my lonely way,
I seek my shepherd gone astray:

Leads

Leads he is flock along the mead,
Or does he seek the cooler shade?
O teach a hapless maid the way,
To find her shepherd gone astray.

Observe, ye fair, the truant swain,
A manly softness crown his mien;
Adonis was not half so fair:
And when he sings—'tis heaven to hear.
Leads he is flock, &c.

Ye nymphs, the sweets of freedom prize,
And shun the witchcraft of his eyes:
Fly from his charms—nor stay too long
To hear his soft enchanting song.
Leads he is flocks, &c.

O'ER DESERT PLAINS.

O'ER desert plains, and rushy mears,
And wither'd heaths I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love:
But though my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine,
My busy thoughts would fly before,
To fix alone on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eyes;
No pyramid's aerial height,
Where mouldering monarch lies.
Unmov'd

Unmov'd should eastern kings advance,
 Could I the pageant see ;
 Splendor might catch one scornful glance,
 Not steal one thought from thee.
 Struck with your charms and gentle truth,
 I clasp'd my constant fair ;
 To you alone I give my youth,
 And vow my future care :
 And when this vow shall faithless prove,
 Or I your charms forego,
 The stream that saw your tender love,
 That stream shall cease to flow.

DAPHNE.

FAIN would I sing my Daphne's face
 Where beauty is display'd ;
 And tell of every charm and grace,
 That deck the lovely maid.
 To paint her bosom wond'rous fair,
 A lilly first I chose,
 And next to match her cheek with care,
 I sought a fav'rite rose.
 But as I gaz'd fresh charms I spy'd,
 More sweet at ev'ry view ;
 The lilly in her bosom dy'd,
 The rose much fainter grew.
 Though to describe her heav'nly form,
 In vain I try'd my art,
 I found her portrait nicely drawn,
 And graven on my heart.

THE INCONSTANT.

WHEN first I fought your heart to move,
And urg'd my warm address,
You swore by all the pow'rs above,
I ne'er should gain success.

But long that vow was not your care,
You did to love incline,
Then is it mighty strange, my fair,
That I too shou'd break mine.

'TIS ALL A JOKE.

YOUNG Damon met me in the grove,
There sigh'd, and vow'd, and talk'd of love,
And sweetly there he spoke;
But tho' my heart approv'd his flame,
I frowning cry'd, "Oh! fie for shame!
"Your love is all a joke:"

"Dear maid, you're too unkind," said he;
"Indeed," says I, "you grow to free,"
And from him then I broke:
I scarcely could forbear to smile,
For he perceiv'd not all this while,
I only was in joke.

"Indeed," says he, "my love is true,"
"My dear, see yonder church in view:"
Aye! there he struck a stroke!—
And since I am become his wife,
I think to live a single life,
Must be a silly joke.

THE DEATH OF POOR JACK.

POOR Jack, whose gay heart kept his spirits aloft.

And ever gave mirth its full due ;

Who sadness despis'd, nor to grieve was so soft,

Which made him the life of the crew ;

Having weather'd the tempests of ocean and fate,

Disdaining all hardships and fear,

Hasten'd home to his Poll, with his true-hearted mate,

To be laid up in pleasure's sung tier ;

With a good store of shiners his chest was supply'd,

Says he, " Now I'm on the right tack,

" For that Cherub on whom I've so often rely'd

" Has, safe and sound, brought home Poor Jack."

To his heart Poll he press'd, the glad moment was fixt,

When tow'rds church he would take her in tow,

And there the good chaplain should soon name the text

That would splice them together—you know :

To his messmates, elated, he mention'd the morn,

And forecastle-jokers went round,

" As how, that they hop'd he'd not double Cape Horn,

" Or on Jealousy's shoals run a-ground ;

" But sung at the helm he'd all dangers defy,

" Laugh at those who'd his comforts attack,

" And the sweet little Cherub aloft would espy

" Waving ensigns of joy o'er Poor Jack."

That night, which was nam'd by her sailor the last,

Poll should sleep in her hammock alone,

He resolv'd with his shipmates in glee should be past,

And mirth in his countenance shone ;

He troll'd the blithe stave, drank a health to his king,

(Good liquor had cherish'd his soul)

When a seaman a signal from beauty did bring,

Which call'd him away to his Poll ;

" Awaft, friend, adieu—for a moment we part,

" Poll commands me, about I must tack :

" For she's the sweet Cherub that reigns in the heart

" Of your friend and companion, Poor Jack."

But scarce from the cabin of Friendship he flew,
 Ere the sky form'd a picture so dread,
 The rain beat aloud, and the winds fiercely blew,
 And thunder roll'd over his head:
 For his messmates at sea how his bosom does swell,
 He sigh'd more than once for their fate;
 Blue lightning flash'd round him, the kind victim fell,
 His soul fled to Death's calm retreat;
 The Cherub, who ever to virtue is near,
 Bore it hence through a clear, lucid track,
 Yet gaz'd on his dust, and dropt a salt tear,
 To deprive his sweet Poll of Poor Jack.

DIE AN OLD MAID.

WHEN I liv'd with my grannum on yon little green,
 As good an old woman as ever was seen;
 She oft read me lectures of prudence and care,
 And bade me of all things of men to beware;
 She said they will flatter, and lie, and deceive,
 And you're lost, my dear rose, if you dare to believe,
 I thought it was strange, and, indeed, was afraid,
 It would be my hard fortune to die an old maid.

I met with young Colin one night in the grove,
 He talk'd of the joys and pleasures of love,
 But my grandmother's lectures so ran in my head,
 I could not attend to a word that he said;
 Thought I what a fuss the old women all make,
 I think in my heart they must make a mistake;
 For if every young girl of the men were afraid,
 Why my grannum herself might have been an old maid.

The next time, young Colin his courtship renew'd
 I candidly own'd that my heart was subdu'd;
 He swore that he lov'd me as dear as his life,
 And if I'd consent he'd make me his wife:
 Then begg'd the next morn I'd his wishes fulfil,
 Says I, e'en let grandmother scold as she will;
 Of so gentle a swain I shall ne'er be afraid,
 And 'ts better to marry than die an old maid.

AWAKE MY FAIR.

AWAKE, my fair, sweet Chloe wake,
 Thy true-love calls to thee,
 Come, lady come, thy bed forsake,
 And range the fields with me.

Come, let us to the greenwood move,
 'Tis just the dawn of day,
 Arise, I prithee, rise my love,
 'Tis just the dawn of day.

The cock has crow'd three times or more,
 And wakes the village train;
 Come, lady, ope thy chamber-door,
 For here I can't remain:

Haste Chloe, haste, my charmer rise,
 Awake, make no delay;
 The veil of night has left the skies,
 I can no longer stay.

The lark, my fair, has fled his nest,
 And morn is growing late;
 Come, lady, leave awhile thy rest,
 And tend me at the gate.

Sweet Chloe come, thy promise keep,
 " 'Tis love, our bridal day,"
 We've other things to mind than sleep,
 I can no longer stay.

I'M IN HASTE.

AS crows the field the other morn,
 I tripp'd so blithe and gay,

The 'squire, with the dog and gun,
By chance came by that way :

“ Whither so fast, sweet maid,” he cry’d,
And caught me round the waist ;
“ Pray stop awhile”—“ Dear fir,” said I,
“ I can’t, for I’m in haste.”

“ You must not go as yet,” cry’d he,
“ For I have much to say ;
“ Come sit you down, and let us chat
“ Upon the new-mown hay :
“ I’ve lov’d you long, and oft have wish’d
“ Those ruby lips to taste ;
“ I’ll have a kiss”—“ Well then,” said I,
“ Be quick, for I’m in haste.”

Just as I spoke, I saw young Hodge
Come through a neighbouring gate :
He caught my hand, and cry’d, “ Dear girl,
“ I fear I’ve maid you wait ;
“ But here’s the ring, come let’s to church
“ The joys of love to taste ;”—
I left the 'squire, and laughing cry’d,
“ You see, fir, I’m in haste.”

I LOO HIM DEARLY.

MY mither she makes sic a din,
Because young Patie woes me ;
Yet on the lad I canna blin,
For well I ken he loo’s me :

I

Na

Na fault in him I canna find,
 He speaks sa kind and fairly;
 'Tis he alone can please my mind,
 For, troth, I loo him dearly.

Sa sweetly on the pipe he plays,
 And sings sa fast a dirty—
 While round my ewes are seen to graze,
 To scorn him were a pity:
 To him, I vow, I'll be sincere,
 And ever speak him fairly;
 For in my heart I must declare,
 In troth, I loo him dearly.

My mither and my daddy too,
 May scold indeed and tease me;
 Yet I've a right to choose my Joe,
 The only one to please me:
 To wed wi him I am inclin'd,
 To-morrow morning early—
 And then baith awe my kin and kind
 Will see I loo him dearly.

THE PANGS OF HOPELESS LOVE.

THE ling'ring pangs of hopeless love,
 Condemn'd unpitied to endure;
 Ah! hapless fate! by sight I strowe
 To flesh the pain I could not cure:
 Cease, ocean, cease, thy angry strife,
 Or here thy whelming billows pour—
 I ask but this, oh! take my life,
 Or bear me to some distant shore.

DEATH

DEATH OR VICTORY.

HARK, the din of distant war,
 How noble is the clangor!
 Pale Death ascends his char, car,
 Clad in terrific anger.

A doubtful fate the soldier tries,
 Who joins the gallant quarrel;
 Perhaps on the cold ground he lies,
 No wife, no friend, to close his eyes;
 Though nobly mourn'd,
 Perhaps, return'd,

He's crown'd with vict'ry's laurel.

How many who, disdain'g fear,
 Rush on the desp'rate duty,
 Shall claim the tribute of the tear
 That dims the eye of beauty!

A doubtful fate, &c.

What noble fate can fortune give?

Renown shall tell our story,
 If we should fall; but if we live,
 We live our country's glory.

'Tis true, a doubtful fate he tries, &c.

THE STREAMLET FLOW'D ROUND HER COT.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,
 All the charms of my Emily knew;
 How oft has its course been forgot,
 While it paus'd, her dear image to woo!

Believe me, the fond silver tide

Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize;
 For, silently swelling with pride.

It reflected her back to the skies.

THE POOR MARINER.

THE winds whistled shrilly, chill rain down was
streaming,

When from a dark cell where the sun ne'er had
beam'd in,

Worn out with great age, press'd with hunger and
grief,

A sad son of Neptune call'd forth for relief:

" Give relief to, give relief to,

" O give relief to a poor mariner."

He tremblingly begg'd, as the affluent pass'd him,

The poor mite which benevolent charity cast him;

When from his dim eyes, hid by darkness thick veil,

The big tear gush'd forth while he told his sad tale.

" Give relief to," &c.

" These eyes oft have seen the proud sink before me,

" Have sparkled with joy at the signal of glory,

" Have seen Britain's flag to glory aspire,

" Tho' now lost in darkness—for want I expire."

" Give relief to," &c.

" Assist me," he said; the words tremblingly lung

In accents most piteous on the vet'rans tongue;

When the grim King of Terrors his suff'rings regarded,

And snatch'd him from hence to where virtue's re-
warded,

Death gave relief, Death gave relief,

Death gave relief to the poor mariner.

Tho' poverty thus stabb'd the good and the brave,

The bright tear of pity was shed o'er his grave:

May the seaman's hard fate niggard pomp bid retire,

And merit be crush'd, tho' want be its fire.

Nor buy relief like, nor buy relief like,

Nor buy relief like the poor mariner.

LET PHILOSOPHERS PRATE.

LET Philosophers prate about reason and rules,

And preach musty maxims design'd but for fools,

From a brisk sparkling bowl brighter sentiments flow,

And I find myself wiser the deeper I go.

We can teach them to live, and by practice explain,
What in theory only they ever could gain;

Draw the cloud from their eyes that o'er shadows the
soul,

And enlighten their heads with a sup from my bowl.

May the Pedant be lost in his phantom pursuit,
Whilst I revel in wine, and with bumpers recruit;
Since the wisest can never perfection attain,
Why should life proffer sweets and enjoyments in vain
Let not man then his time in such foppery waste,
Or refuse mingled sweets with the bitters to taste;
But thus let him waft, to elysium his soul,
In an ocean of liquor, his vessel the bowl.

Relax'd from the cares of the world let me live,
'Gainst the rude stream of life, that I never may strive;
With a friend to partake, and a girl to adore,
What mortal so happy, what man could wish more,
Dull mechanical mortals may look and repine,
Their hearts can ne'er glow with such feelings as mine;
But such feelings, such joys, receive birth in the soul,
When thus mellow'd, thus rear'd, and refin'd in my
bowl.

WOULD BREAK MY SINKING HEART.

SINCE then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
To quite each object of my infant care;
Torn from an honour'd parents tender love,
And driv'n the keenest storms of fate to bear:
Ah! but forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.
Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state.

Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;
And when, perhaps, you're musing o'er my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear:
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.

NAUTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

BE one of they sailors, who thinks 'tis no lie,
 That for every wherefore of life there's a why;
 That be fortune's strange weather, a calm or a squall;
 Our births, good or bad, are chalk'd out for us all;
 That the stay and the braces of life will be found
 To be some of 'em rotten, and some of 'em found;
 That the good we shou'd cherish, the bad never seek;
 For death will too soon bring each anchor a-peak.

When astride on the yard the top-lifts they let go,
 And I com'd like a shot plump among them below,
 Why I cotch'd at a halliard, and jump'd upon deck,
 And so broke my fall, to save breaking my neck.
 Just like your Philosophers, for all their jaw,
 Who, less than a rope, gladly catch at a straw.

Thus the good, &c.

Why now that there cruise that we made of the banks,
 Where I pepper'd the foe, and got shot for my thanks;
 What then, she soon struck, and thought crippled on
 shore,

And laid up to refit, I had shinters galore;
 At length live and looking, I tried the false main,
 And to gat more prize money got shot at again.

Thus the good, &c.

Then just as it comes, take the bad with the good,
 One man's spoon's made of silver, another's of wood;
 What's poison for one man's another man's balm,
 Some are safe in a storm, and some lost in a calm;
 Some are rolling in riches, some not worth a souse;
 To-day we eat beef, and to-morrow lobs fouse.

Thus the good, &c.

MOUNT YOUR COURSERS.

AS health, rosy health, from cheerfulness flows,
 And sloth draws old age on apace;
 To avoid sad disease and such mortal foes,
 By cheerfully joining the chase.

To the woods then let's haste, Diana invites,
 And thus does the goddess report ;
 If you wish to gain health with much joy and delight,
 Mount your couriers and follow the sport.
 For nature, gay nature, imparts in the chase
 Those charms which bus hunters enjoy ;
 There we see a strong picture of life's eager race,
 In a pastime that never can cloy.
 Then at night, when the chase has bestow'd all its
 charms,
 And they're snug o'er the joy-giving bowl ;
 To repose we retire in beauties soft arms,
 Where transports envelope the soul.

THE POOR PEASANT.

THOU the muses ne'er smile by the light of the sun,
 Yet they visit my cot when my labour is done ;
 And whilst on my pillow of straw I recline,
 A wreath of sweet flowers they spontaneously twine ;
 But in vain the fair daisies weave chaplets for me,
 Since my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.
 Full oft I reflect on my indigent state,
 But reflection and reason are ever too late ;
 They tell me I sigh for too beautiful a fair,
 And fill my sad bosom with doubts and despair ;
 Then hope kindly smiling averts their decree,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.
 When the shrill pipe and tabor proclaim the light
 dance,
 With transports I see my dear Mary advance ;
 Then such grace she displays while she trips mid the
 throng,
 That each shepherd with raptures to her tunes his song ;
 But by none she's belov'd with such truth as by me,
 For my heart is devoted, dear Mary, to thee.

HONNY

BONNY CHARLEY.

O Dearly do I love to rove
 Among the fields of barley,
 'Twas there that Charley told his love,
 The blithe, the winsome Charley;
 Then he so fu'd and he so woo'd,
 And marriage was the parley;
 What could I do, but buckle too
 With bonny winsome Charley.

O my bonny, bonny boy,
 My bonny, bonny Charley;
 O my bonny, bonny boy,
 My bonny, bonny Charley.

I ken the lasses rue the day
 I sought the fields of barley,
 And strive to win from me away
 The heart of winsome Charley;
 But ah! how vain! they canna gain
 His love by all their parley—
 And now they see he woos but me,
 My bonny, bonny Charley.

O my bonny, &c.

O ilka blessing on the laird
 That owns the fields of barley;
 And ken I him alone regard,
 For he is winsome Charley;
 The gentle youth, with purest truth,
 So woos me late and early;
 I can't withstand to give my hand,
 To bonny, bonny Charley.

O my bonny, &c.

DONALD.

I Ken that Will's a bonny youth,
And often drives the lasses mad;
But canna woo its muckle truth,
Like Donald, the young highland lad.

Then Donald is a soldier too,
And looks sae braw in tartain plaid;
O ne'er a laddie e'er can woo
Like Donald, the young highland lad.

And e're wi sic a lover part,
I'll gang to war like Donald clad,
And kill the mon that aims a dart
At Donald, the young highland lad.

I dinna care what fowks may say,
I'll haste to kirk with spirits glad;
Then o'er the grassy mountains stray
With Donald, the young highland lad.

THE GROVE.

YE birds, for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay salute my love;
Daphne with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

A SMILE FROM THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

IN the world's crooked path where I've been,
There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
The sunshine that soften'd the scene
Was a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,
 But to labour with glee will depart,
 If at eve he expects to be blest
 With a smile from the girl of my heart.

Come then crosses and cares as they may,
 Let my mind still this maxim impart,
 That the comfort of man's fleeting day
 Is a smile from the girl of my heart.

JACK THE GUINEA-PIG.

WHEN the anchor's weigh'd, and the ship's
 unmoor'd,
 And landsmen lag behind, fir,
 The sailor joyful skips on board,
 And, swearing, prays for a wind, fir.
 Towing here, yehoiing there,
 Steadily, readily, chearily, merrily,
 Still from care and thinking free,
 Is a sailor's life at sea.

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,
 And landsmen all grow sick, fir,
 The sailor lolls, with his mind at ease,
 And the song and the can go quick, fir.
 Laughing here, quaffing there,
 Steadily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,
 And sings, to landsmen, dreary,
 The sailor, fearless, goes to sleep,
 Or takes his watch most cheary.
 Boozing here, snoozing there,
 Steadily, &c.

When

When the sky grows black,, and the wind blows
 hard,,
 And landmen sculk below, fir,,
 Jack mounts up to the top-sail yard,
 And turns his quid as he goes, fir,,
 Hawling here, bawling there,,
 Steadily,, &c..

When the foaming waves run mountain high,,
 And the landmen cry "All's gone, fir,,"
 The sailor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,,
 And he jokes with Davy Jones, fir,,
 Dashing here, clashing there,,
 Steadily,, &c..

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck,,
 And landmen hoist the boat, fir,,
 The sailor scorns to quit the deck,
 While a single plank's afloat, fir,,
 Swearing here, tearing there,,
 Steadily,, &c..

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

EXCEPT the folks that's fast a sleep,
 All nature now is waking;
 Aurora at the world a peep
 Is in her night-cap talking.
 Hark! all the rory rory boys,
 Making a devil of a noise,
 To cure the head-ach of last night,
 The peaceable king's subjects fright,
 And helter, skelter, come apace,
 To enjoy the pleasures off the chase.

How sweet to be, as on we rush,
By the pig-tail entangling,
Amidst a lovely torny bush,
Or on a tree left dangling.

Ah! musha gra! than wine and love,
The joy of hunting's far above:
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasures give? Ah! by my soul!
Briers and thorns may scratch your face,
Still great's the pleasures of the chase.

Then when our mettle's at its pitch,
While tally ho! we're bawling,
Safe landed in a muddy ditch,
To be genteelly sprawling.

Ah! musha gra! than wine and love,
The joy of hunting's far above:
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasure give? Ah! by my soul!
Let muddy ditches wash your face,
Still great's the pleasure of the chase.

Then dripping like a drowning rat,
Night, you would not think it,
What glorious wine, if it were not
We're too fatigued to drink it.
Ah! bodder not of love and war;
The joy of hunting's greater far,
Hark! echo, in melodious tones,
Hollas, and whistles, and sings, and groans:
While many a broken sconce and face
Proclaim the pleasures of the chase.

SOLDIER

SOLDIER DICK.

WHY, don't you know me by my scars?
 I'm Soldier Dick, come from the wars;
 Where many a head without a hat
 Crowd honour's bed—but what of that?
 Beat drums, play fifes, 'tis glory calls,
 What argues who stands or falls?
 Lord! what should one be sorry for?
 Life's but the fortune of the war;
 Then rich, or poor, or well, or sick,
 Still laugh and sing shall Soldier Dick.

I us'd to look two ways at once:
 A bullet hit me on the scone,
 And dowl'd my eye; d'ye think I'd wince?
 Why, Lord! I've never squinted since.
 Beat drums, &c.

Some distant keep from war's alarms,
 For fear of wooden legs and arms;
 While others die safe in their beds,
 Who all their lives had wooden heads.
 Beat drums, &c.

Thus gout, or fever, sword, or shot,
 Or something, sends us all to pot;
 That we're to die, then, do not grieve,
 But let's be merry while we live.
 Beat drums, &c.

THO' OUT OF SIGHT NE'ER OUT OF MIND.
THE main with darkness mantled o'er,
 The howling tempest blew,
 Yet

Yet dread' of seeing thee no more
 Was all the fear I knew ;
 Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind,
 Thy sailon always true,
 Regarded more than waves or wind,
 The sighs of lovely Sue.

But when we met the haughty foe,
 And ballets round us flew,
 With double strength I gave each blow
 To merit thee my Sue.
 Tho' out of sight ne'er out of mind,
 My heart still fonder grew,
 In fancy's glass, to lovers kind,
 I gaz'd on thee, my Sue.

If war, and all its dire alarms,
 Thy image can't remove ;
 When peace returns, thy beauteous charms,
 The greatest bliss must prove.
 Tho' out of sight, ne'er out of mind,
 My heart was always true,
 When present thou wilt ever find,
 I'll live for thee, my Sue.

MY LOVE FOR HENRY TO CONCEAL.

MY love for Henry to conceal,
 I ev'ry art endeavour,
 Yet still my looks speak what I feel,
 For none I think so clever :
 His sparkling eye and dimpled cheek,
 Love's softest language ever speak,
 And him I'll love for ever.

Among the swains upon the green,
 There's none can trip so featly ;
 His noble air, his graceful mien,
 In all he looks so neatly .
 His sparkling eye and dimpled cheek,
 Love's softest language ever speak,
 And him I'll love for ever.

My mother chides, and blames my love,
 And cries, girl will you never
 My precepts to the world' approve,
 Your hearts you must disleave :
 I answer, I'll her precepts mind.—
 She to her love was ever kind,
 And mine I'll love for ever.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life;
 My honour calls me from thee ;
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee.
 What though by duty I am call'd,
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where valour's self might stand appal'd—
 When, on the wings of thy dear love,
 To heav'n above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown—
 The tender pray'r
 Thou putt'st up there,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle.

My

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving ;
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving :
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thund'ring cannons rattle ;
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat,
 Assur'd when, on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

Enough, with that benignant smile
 Some kindred God inspir'd thee ;
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd and admir'd thee :
 I go assur'd—my life, adieu !
 Though thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Though murd'ring carnage stalks in view,
 When on the wings of thy true-love,
 To heaven above, &c.

THE WATERY GRAVE.

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,
 That tears from a stone might provoke,
 'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,
 As honest as e'er biscuit broke :
 His name was Ben Block—of all men
 The most true, the most kind, the most brave ;
 But harsh treated by fortune—for Ben,
 In his prime, found a watery grave.
 His place no one ever knew more ;
 His heart was all kindness and love ;
 Though on duty an eagle he'd soar—
 His nature had most of the dove.

He lov'd a fair maiden, nam'd Kate;
 His father, to interest a slave,
 Sent him far from his love, where hard fate
 Plung'd him deep in a watery grave.

A curse on all slanderous tongues!
 A false friend his mild nature abus'd;
 And sweet Kate of the vilest of wrongs,
 To poison Ben's pleasure, accus'd,
 That she never had truly been kind—
 That false were the tokens she gave,
 That she scorn'd him, and wish'd he might find,
 In the ocean, a watery grave.

Too sure, from this cankerous elf,
 The venom accomplish'd its end;
 Ben, all truth and honour himself,
 Suspected no fraud in his friend:
 On the yard, while suspended in air,
 A loose to his sorrows he gave;
 "Take thy wish," he cried, "false, cruel fair;"
 And plung'd in a watery grave.

THE MIDNIGHT MOON.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
 O'er Nature's soft repose:
 No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,
 Nor rustling tempest blows.

Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest—
 The throbbing heart lies still;
 And var'ing schemes of life
 No more distract the lab'ring will.

EN VERITE.

WHEN sixteen years I had attained,
My mother gave consent,
That I fine folks and flights should see,

So up to town I went,
With words and manners all polite
I home return'd so gay,
Poor Strephon cried, you're alter'd quite,
Says I, En Verite.

Alas! I find you're chang'd, cried he,
Another maid I'll seek:

Do so, says I! d'ye think, fond swain,

For you my heart I'll break?

To Mira now, says he, my hand

And heart I'll give away;

At that indeed, with all my pride,

I sigh'd, En Verite.

Be not so rash, dear youth, cried P,

Indeed I did but jest;

Of all the nymphs you know, says he,

'Tis you I love the best;

To yonder church then let's repair;

I cou'd not then say "nay;"

But vow'd obedience, love, and truth,

I did, En Verite.

SOUND ARGUMENT.

WE Biped. made up of frail clay,

Alas!! are the children of sorrow,

And though brisk and merry to day,

We all may be wretched to-morrow;

For sunshine's succeeded by rain,
 Then fearless of life's stormy weather,
 Lest pleasure should only bring pain,
 Let us all be unhappy together.
 I grant the best blessing we know
 Is a friend, for true friendship's a treasure,
 And yet, lest your friend prove a foe,
 Oh taste not the dangerous pleasure.
 Thus friendship's a flimsy affair,
 Thus riches and health are a bubble,
 Thus there's nothing delightful but care,
 Nor any thing pleasing but trouble.
 If a mortal would point out that life
 That on earth could be nearest to heaven,
 Let him, thanking his stars, choose a wife,
 To whom truth and honour are given.
 But honour and truth are so rare,
 And horns, when they're cutting, so tingle,
 That with all my respect to the fair,
 I'd advise him to sigh and live single.
 It appears from these premises plain,
 That wisdom is nothing but folly,
 That pleasure's a term that means pain,
 And that joy is your true melancholy.
 That all those who laugh ought to cry,
 That 'tis fine frisk and fun to be grieving,
 And that, since we must all of us die,
 We should taste no enjoyment while living.

BUXOM NAN.

THE wind was hush'd, the storm was over,
 Unfurl'd was every flowing sail;

From toil releas'd, when Dick, of Dover,
 Went with his messmates to regale :
 All danger's o'er, cried he, my neat hearts,
 Drown care then, in the smiling can ;
 Come, bear a hand, let's toast our sweethearts,
 And, first, I'll give my buxom Nan.
 She's none of they that's always giggling,
 And, stem and stern, made up of art
 (One knows a vessel by her rigging),
 Such ever slight a constant heart :—
 With straw hat, and pink streamers flowing,
 How oft to meet me as she ran ;
 While for dear life would I be roving,
 To meet with smiles my buxom Nan !
 Jack Jollyboat went to the Indies—
 To see him stare, when he came back !
 The girls were so all off the hinges,
 His Poll was quite unknown to Jack :
 Tant masted all, to see who's tallest,
 Breast-works, top ga'nt sails, and a fan ;—
 Messmate, cried I, more sail than ballast—
 Ah ! still give me my Buxom Nan.
 None on Life's sea can sail more quicker,
 To shew her love or serve a friend ;
 But hold, I'm preaching o'er my liquor—
 This one word then, and there's an end :
 Of all the wenches whatsomdever,
 I say, then find me out who can,
 One half so true, so kind, so clever,
 Sweet, trim, and neat, as buxom Nan.

THE END.

**THE
TOAST-MASTER:**

**BEING A
GENTEEL COLLECTION**

OF

SENTIMENTS AND TOASTS,

DESIGNED FOR

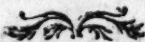
THE ADMIRER OF VIRTUE,

AND

THE PATRIOT.

PREFACE.

THE Admirer of Virtue and the Patriot, to whom this trifle is dedicated, will find in it ideas congenial to his own. The libertine and licentious spirit of the age, which often, too often, is substituted, where the cardinal virtues ought only to reign, by being discountenanced in this publication, may, in some measure, tend to depress it.



T' amuse the fancy, and t' illume the mind
(For Virtue's friends are dear to all mankind),
To check the vicious, to correct the man,
T' establish Nature's rights on Virtue's plan,
T' impede the reigning manners of an age
(Which justly stigmatize the historic page),
Honour's task it is, and attempts to prove
What's th' effect of friendship and of love—
How far the modest and the blooming fair,
How far the gentleman and the happy pair,
How far the sons of Pleasure—may regale,
Before they forfeit reason—fore vice prevail.



INTRODUCTION.

THE only light that history throws on the custom of drinking healths, is, that the natural enemies of the British islanders, some centuries ago, took advantage of their situation while drinking, and often wounded, and sometimes murdered them, when the cup was at the mouth; from thence the expression "I pledge you," was introduced, that is, a second person pledged himself for the safety of him who was drinking, and he that took the cup, drank health to him who pledged himself for his safety. This custom is still kept up, although refined in some respects for the better—in others for the worse. It is a just observation (it is what every page of history confirms), that the manners of the people change equal to the date of the years.—At the time of the above precedent, only the party's health, who guarded the drinker, was drank:—at this time the domestic table produces sentiments of duty, respect, and love, in consequence of it; and the convivial assembly breathes such sentiments as do honour to the

head and heart of the company. Respects to the memory of departed heroes are not forgot, and living characters receive from it testimonies of universal regard.

ASCONIUS, in explaining the meaning of drinking after the manner of the Greeks, says, "That it was their custom, in their libations, first to name their friends in terms of esteem and affection, and wishes for their prosperity." Every time they venerated the gods, or wished health to their friends, it was in neat wine; nay, it was indispensable in this religious ceremony (for such it was accounted) to drink wine, not only undiluted with water, but without any other of the mixtures then used, as saffron, honey, &c.

The Roman gallants used to take off as many glasses to their mistresses as there were letters in their names; according to MARTIAL, who says,

"Let six full cups to Nævia's health go round,

"And fair Tustina's be with seven crown'd."

The custom of drinking to the health and prosperity of our superiors, or of our equals, is to be traced to very remote antiquity: this practice was in



vogue among the Grecians so early as Theseus, in those times which are distinguished in history by the splendid appellation of the heroic ages, that is many ages before the Christian æra.

Toasts in this collection will be found applicable to every situation, and every circumstance of life:—and, indeed, no compliment will appear so striking or respectful, as that paid in the hour of recess, when the spirits are enlivened by the cheerful glass.—Those toasts, which the *bon ton* observes as the reigning ones, are temporary, and as changeable as the complexion of the celebrated beauties themselves; and the parties not being popular, perhaps, beyond the capital, a further apology for their not being inserted will be needless.—The fund which is subjoined is ample; and an addition of a few temporary ones, which the news of the day will point out, will be found to be inexhaustible.

Having thus far premised, the collection is to follow under two heads, the one is the sentiments of a man of the world, and the other, that of the patriot.

THE

THE
TOAST-MASTER.

SENTIMENTAL TOASTS.

HONOUR in the breast, but not the outward badge.

May the wings of extravagance be clipt by the sheers of œconomy.

Constancy in love, sincerity in friendship.

Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joy lasting.

The pleasures of imagination realized.

Great men honest, and honest men great.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,

Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave.

May our conscience be sound although our fortune be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May we be beloved by those whom we love.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.

The

The friend we love, and the woman we dare
trust.

Gaiety and innocence.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

May the evening's diversion bear the morning's
reflection.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

Days of ease and nights of pleasure.

Life, love, and liberty.

Frugality without meanness.

May fortune be always the attendant on virtue.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

As time and circumstance agree,

So may our wish and conduct be.

May we have in our arms what we love in our
hearts.

Love without fear, and life without care.

Good luck till we are tired of it.

May the honest heart never know distress.

May the friends of our youth, be the compa-
nions of our age.

Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.

May reason be the pilot, when passion blows
the gale.

May we never see an old friend with a new face.

Friendship without interest.

The life we love, with those we love.

Love and friendship.

May the single be married, and the married
happy.

Disinterested friendship, and artless love.

The hand that gives, and the heart that forgives.

A life of happiness, and death of pleasure.

The rose of pleasure, without the thorn.

Wit without bitterness, and mirth without noise.

A halter to them that deserve it.

May our endeavours be always successful, when engaged under the banner of justice.

May we be always able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

Provision to the unprovided.

Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

Way we never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

All that gives you pleasure.

Health, love, and ready-rhino,

To every friend that you and I know.

Independency, and a genteel sufficiency.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

Love for love.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May we, as Christians, be zealous, without uncharitableness; as subjects, loyal, without servility; and, as citizens, free, without faction.

May those who inherit the title of gentlemen by birth, deserve it by their lives.

Money to him that has spirit to use it,

And life to him that has courage to lose it.



May those who love truly, be always believed,
And those who'd deceive us, be always de-
ceived.

The union of two fond hearts.

Peace and plenty.

Plenty to a generous mind.

Youth without folly, and age without pain.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Love to one, friendship to few, good-will to all.

May we never know sorrow but by name.

Relief to all oppress'd and distress'd.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyments to our
wishes.

The Four H's:

Happy are we met,

Happy have we been,

Happy may we part, and

Happy meet again.

The Eight H's: A

Handsome Husband, a

Handsome House,

Health and Happiness,

Here, and Hereafter.

Humility in prosperity, and fortitude in distress.

May the brow of the brave never want a wreath
of laurel.

Inclination to confer, and gratitude to remem-
ber favours.

Sincerity before marriage, and fidelity after-
wards.

May we be as unwilling to give, as to receive an injury.

Sprightliness in youth, stability in manhood, and serenity in old age.

May all honest souls find a friend in need.

The love of liberty, and liberty in love.

May we be always able to distinguish those, who, by a steady and uniform adherence to their duty, distinguish themselves.

More power to our friends, and more sense to our enemies.

More friends and less need of them.

May our benevolence be only bounded by our fortune.

May he that turns his back on his friend, fall into the hands of his enemies.

All Fortune's daughters but the eldest.

May he that wants friendship always want friends.

The man of pleasure, who is a friend to virtue.

Good wine, and good company, to the lovers of reasonable enjoyment.

Love without licentiousness, and pleasure without excess.

May we never have cause to put on mourning.

May the lamp of friendship be lighted with the oil of sincerity.

May the devil never pay visits abroad, or receive company at home.

May the wings of harmony waft us home, and plenty meet us there.

All tales but tell-tales.

All we wish, and all we want.

All that love can give, and sensibility enjoy.

Ability to serve a friend, and honour to conceal it.

A freehold in a happy land, untaxed and unmortgaged.

A good horse, a warm house, a snug estate, and a pretty wife, to every one that deserves them.

Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt, and a guinea.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

Every thing of fortune, but her instability.

Love in a cottage, and envy to none.

London for trade, Oxford for wit, and the world for pretty women.

No circle like the arms of an affectionate wife.

Love and opportunity.

May our happiness increase, till it cannot diminish.

May virtue be our armour, when wickedness is our assassin.

May every honest man turn out a rogue.

May our heart have for tenants, truth, candour, and benevolence.

May every day be happier than the last.

May the object of our heart be the companion of our lives.

May the wings of liberty never want a feather.

May

May we be happy when alone, and cheerful
when in company.

May our joys with the fair give pleasure to the
heart.

May our pleasures be boundless, while we have
time to enjoy them

May the fair daughters of Britain be resplen-
dent in beauty, virtue, and honour.

May we never be influenced by jealousy, nor
governed by interest.

May a virtuous offspring succeed to mutual
and honourable love.

May we always be happy, and our enemies
know it.

May our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest
expressions.

May love draw the curtain, and friendship the
cork.

May mirth and fellowship be always in fashion.

May the blossoms of liberty never be blighted.

May the power ever continue in the friends of
England.

May mutual love be attended with frequent
repetition, and equal to our wishes.

May the men leave roving, and women deceit.

May health paint the cheek, and sincerity the
heart.

May success and pleasure stimulate and encou-
rage our labour and toil.

May the trials of love and friendship make us
ever love and esteem them.

May

May our wisdom be perceptible more to others
than ourselves.

May our pockets and desires always agree at
the sight of an empty bowl.

May our commands, and the landlord's com-
pliance, never be injurious to either.

May those who rob others of their pleasure,
Be served measure for measure.

May we ever vindicate love and friendship.

May our creditors and friends, remember the
true cause for patience.

May our hopes and expectation, seldom fall
short of enjoyments.

May the man we love be honest, and the land
we live in free.

May we always have a friend, and know his
value.

May they never want, who have spirit to spend.

May he that made the Devil take us all.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to
give him.

May we never want a friend, when we have
not a bottle to give him.

May the friends we love be sincere, and the
land we live in free.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May we please, and be pleased.

Merit to gain a heart, and sense to keep it.

May we never desire, what we cannot obtain.

May we fly from the temptations we cannot
resist.

May we draw upon content, for the deficiencies of fortune.

May we learn to be frugal, before we are obliged to be so

May the desires of our hearts be virtuous, and those desires gratified.

May poverty always be a day's march behind us.

Long may we live, happy may we be,

Blest with content, and from misfortunes free.

May we breakfast with health, dine with friendship, crack a bottle with mirth, and sup with the goddess Contentment.

May we always forget when we forgive an injury.

May we treat our friends with kindness, and our enemies with generosity.

May we never feel want, and never want feeling.

Sunshine and good humour, all over the world.

The beggar's blessing.

May he who gives pleasure never fail to enjoy it.

May we never die the death of Saul.

May we never see a friend in distress.

The pleasure of pleasing.

The agreeable rubs of life.

The docks and yards that man the navy.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good humour.

The honest fellow that loves his bottle at night and his business in the morning.

The cause of liberty throughout the world.

Those who love pleasure, and contribute to it.

The King to the laws, and the church to the bible.

The

- May poverty never touch our pockets.
May our friendship continue as long as the fun.
May industry meet its just reward.
Comfort to the afflicted mind.
The beginning of our wishes, and the end of
our hopes.
The happy welcome, and kind reception.
May the regard we have for our own characters deter us from injuring others.
May our honourable pursuits be crowned with
success.
May we lay up store for winter, before we are
too feeble to gather.
Innocence to the rising generation, and may a
good conscience be the companion of our
lives.
May we do as we would be done by.
May we do good every hour.
And help the poor when in our power.
May sincerity be the guide of all our words
and actions.
May we take reason and patience in the right
hand, and hope in the left.
May we drive despair away, and call reason
for a companion.
May morality serve our turn in prosperity.
May we act with generosity, and receive the
applause it merits.
May the purse and the hand agree, in that
noble act—charity
May we not condemn others for what is blame-
able in ourselves.

May we pursue integrity, truth, and virtue, to
end of our lives.

May we have enjoyments in our power, and be
sensible of them,

May we receive benefit ourselves by instructing
others.

May our happiness be greatly increased, and
the circle of our pleasures enlarged.

May justice, obedience, and love, be stamp
in all our actions.

May we never repeat a favour conferred, or
forget those received.

PATRIOTIC TOASTS.

CHURCH and KING.

The Prince of Wales.

The Queen, and the rest of the Royal Family.

The glorious and immortal memory of King
William the Third.

The constitution, according to the principles
asserted at the revolution.

The rights of the people.

The Majesty of the people,

The House of Brunswick, and may they never
forget the principles which placed their
family upon the throne of Great-Britain.

May the example of the revolution, prevent
the necessity of another.

The independent electors of England.

The

The cause for which Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney on the scaffold.

The friends of freedom, and may our liberties never be swallowed in the Pit.

Laurel-water to the secret enemies of our glorious constitution.

May the names of Russel and Cavendish be ever united in the defence of the liberties of their country.

Short parliaments, and unbiassed freeholders.

May it be the character of the Whigs, never to slacken their efforts in adversity, nor to forget their principles in prosperity.

The wooden walls of old England.

May those who study the freedom of others, never want it themselves.

May the true lovers of liberty in England, be for ever united in affection, as they are in interest.

The steady friends of Britain.

Confusion to those who barter the cause of their country for ostentation or sordid gain.

The honest North-country-smith, who refused to shoe for the man who voted against his country.

The honest patriot, and unbiassed Briton.

The two strangers at court.

True heart, and sound bottom.

Safe arrival of our homeward and outward bound fleet.

To Army, Navy, and Great-Britain.

May

May England regain the dependencies she has lost.

A speedy exportation to all the enemies of Britain, without a draw-back.

Short shoes, and long corns, to the enemies of Great-Britain.

Honour and influence to the public spirited patrons of trade.

Liberty, property, and no excise.

May power ever continue in the friends of England.

The friends of freedom.

May he, who has neither wife, mistress, nor estate, in England, never have any share in the government of it.

May the friends of England ever have access to the throne.

May we always detest the malice of those, who attempt to disunite the interest of our King and country, which are ever inseperable.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

Good trade, and well paid.

May every British officer possess Wolfe's conduct and courage, but not meet with his fate.

Confusion to those, who wearing the mask of patriotism, pull it off and desert the cause of liberty in the day of trial.

May the enemies of Great-Britian always want beef and claret.

Prosperity

Prosperity and success to those who prosecute such measures as have an evident tendency to secure and advance the interests of Great-Britain.

May we never want spirit and resolution to protect and defend our independency against the powerful attack of unbridled ambition.

Those upright patriots, who, in contempt of all inferior considerations, have, with signal constancy, defended the rights and privileges of Britain.

May hemp bind those, whom honour cannot. A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard trotting horse, and a long journey to the enemies of Great-Britain.

Addition to our trade, multiplication to our manufactories, subtraction to taxes, and reduction to our useless pensions and places.

Disappointment to those who form expectations of places and pensions on the ruin of their country.

May we always be attached to those who persevere in generous endeavours to promote the welfare of their country.

May all attempts to pervert and destroy our precious constitution be frustrated and void.

May the trade of this country increase, and be supported by unity, peace, and concord.

May the enemies of Britain never eat the bread thereof, or if they do, be choaked by the first morsel.

Religion

Religion without priestcraft, and politics without party.

Perpetual disappointment to the enemies of England.

May the coward never wear a red coat, nor the hypocrite a black one.

May our statesmen be vigilant, and our sailors brave.

May the Spaniards ever know Howe to conquer.

Our country, and may it continue to be the land of liberty to the end of the world.

The true patriot, who dies with pleasure for his country's good.

May contempt be the fate of such among us as strut in foreign foppery, to the destruction of the trade and manufactures of England.

May public spirit be supported by the constitution, and the constitution be upheld by public spirit.

May our laws guard our liberties, and never be deprav'd by oppression.

May the road to perferment be found by none but those who deserve it.

The memory of our brave ancestors who brought about the revolution; and may a similar spirit actuate their descendants.

A lasting peace, or an honourable war.

Universal liberty to all mankind, and spirit to defend it.

FINIS.



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